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The Week

THE apparently infallible method of regenerating a somewhat unregenerate American citizen is to elect him President of the United States. It is not unfair to describe the man Harding in his pre-presidential incarnation as unregenerate. His record was that of a machine politician who had throughout his career opposed every liberal and progressive movement in American politics. But as soon as he became President he underwent a startling process of evangelization. He developed into an enthusiast for peace, goodwill on earth and the welfare of all mankind, and he has convinced himself that he, Warren Gamaliel Harding, is the divinely appointed agent of some great human consummation. The romantic uplifter who is usually concealed under the waistcoat of every good middle-class western American, no matter how steeped he may be in the by no means uplifting realities of politics and business, is coming to possess him completely. His recent speeches reveal him as a man with a mission to redeem humanity. It is easy and not unreasonable to be cynical about the results of his conversion, but we prefer to give him the benefit of the doubt, big as the doubt is. While he will try and fail, as other and better men have done, there is something about the present plight of the world which may give unexpected power and effect to a faithful and even semi-intelligent failure to uplift mankind.

NEWS from Mexico City is distinctly more favorable. According to the Evening Post, protests against the application of Article XXVII of the Mexican Constitution will be taken up this week by the Supreme Court. The Mexican Congress will begin consideration of Article XXVII on Monday. A committee of the majority party has submitted to President Obregon a project for the immediate settlement of oil problems, one feature of which is a statement that Article XXVII is not retroactive. Finally it is rumored that the State Department of the United States has submitted a new note according to which, while the confirmation of property rights by treaty is insisted on, such treaty is to be drawn up after recognition of the present Mexican government. If this news is true then the formula has been discovered by which the negotiations between the United States and Mexico may be carried beyond the present impasse, and the good will which the New Republic believes is beyond question on the part of both Secretary Hughes and President Obregon may be given effect in determining the relations of the two countries.

THE Senate Committee on Haiti and Santo Domingo, of which Senator Medill McCormick is Chairman, heard patiently and in detail the statement of the case against the naval occupation of the island made by Messrs. Oswald Garrison Villard of the Nation, Horace Knowles, former Minister to Santo Domingo and Stenio Vincent, former President of Haiti. There is no duty which the American government owes to itself and the world quite comparable with this investigation. Our behavior toward these weaker neighbors is the test of

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all our grandiloquent aims in the war. If we have failed, if we have betrayed the cause for which we fought, we should know it and confess it. The lesson may make us more tolerant toward the mistakes and misdeeds of Europe. It is a difficult, a thankless, and it may be a dangerous duty to plead against one's own nation, to charge that her honor has been sullied by venality and her arms disgraced by military crime. The course which Mr. Villard and the Nation have pursued in keeping this matter before an indifferent public represents the highest kind of citizenship, the classic type of civic virtue represented by Cicero pleading against Verres.

EXTINCTION threatens the only organization which in spirit and in practical administration is fitted to deal with the problems of our foreign-born population. This is the Foreign Language Information Service. To be convinced of its value it is only necessary to read its report, obtainable at 15 West 37th Street. Through over three years of self-sacrificing work, the service has obtained the confidence of the alien and even the gratitude of the government. It has been in turn supported by the War Camp Community Service, the Community Service, Inc., and the American Red Cross. Budget reductions have forced these to discontinue their aid and now the Foreign Language Information Service must stop unless help comes before the middle of August. It has the promise of one half of its next three months' budget if someone will give the other half, $22,500. This amount will enable it to keep on until plans are completed for its continuance on an enlarged and permanent basis. There must be someone who will see the tragedy of letting this first real bridge between America and the "foreigners" collapse, and who will give a fraction of the cost of the proverbial battleship toward civic peace.

THE activity of the American Legion in the field of education, as a sort of super-censor of patriotic morality, approved by the N. E. A., is marked by its appearance against Mr. Arthur Fisher, a teacher of law at the University of Montana. The Executive Committee of the Montana branch of the Legion petitions the State Board of Education to examine Mr. Fisher with regard to his views as to the right of a citizen to withhold approval of the action of the country in declaring war; and concerning his participation in the movement to urge upon the government the declaration of its war aims in May 1917. Mr. Fisher is not charged with advocating any violation of law—merely with holding that an individual "has the right to aid or to refuse to aid (*within the limits of law*) in such war." This is a clear case in which the American Legion assumes that its function is to act as an extra-legal or super-legal authority—and its position is as impossible in a general conception of civil rights, as its censorship of education is intolerable. As to Mr. Fisher's interest in the movement to secure a definition of war aims from the Allied and Associated Powers, in which attempt we remember that Viscount Bryce was also concerned, do even the master minds of the American Legion deny that the war would have been shortened if Mr. Wilson's political offensive had started in May 1917 instead of eight months later, and that the errors of Versailles would have been avoided if the United States had thus early described and obtained acceptance of the cause for which she was fighting, in terms specifically abrogating the secret treaties?

THE significant fact in the Irish crisis, so far, has been the steady maintenance of the truce. The mechanisms of war in Ireland—courts-martial, sentences of death, the holding of M. P.'s in prison —have persisted in spite of the spirit of peace, but on the whole even the truculence of Dublin Castle has been repressed. This quietude is in its way the most formidable act yet committed by Sinn Fein. So long as hostilities were continued it was possible to ascribe everything to a "murder gang" and nothing to the people in general. But the absolute suspension of hostilities since the truce shows that the Dail Eireann is really representative, that the Irish Republican Army is nationally organized, controlled and responsible. This ends the talk of "outrage," "conspiracy," "shooting policemen from behind hedges." It defines the fact that a war has been in progress in Ireland, not a series of outrages that present a police problem and nothing more. A whole nation cannot be policed, and in entering into conversation and truce with the "murder gang," Lloyd George has abandoned the empty fiction that the Irish people are not in complete political and national insurrection.

ULSTER remains. To Sinn Fein Ireland the Unionists of N. E. Ulster, numbering in all about 800,000, offer the kind of problem that was given to the Allies by the minorities of Poland, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and so on. We know how the Allies permitted these minorities to be sacrificed to irredentism, and we cannot suppose that Sinn Fein Ireland will have no irredentist policy. Meanwhile, however, the British imperialists have no intention of bringing N. E. Ulster and

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Ireland together. The House of Commons chooses this moment of delicate negotiation to honor Sir James Craig, and the military have just suppressed a paper in Cork that abused him. This excites the war-feeling on both sides when the prolongation of war cannot help in any way—can, indeed, only attest the obstinate will and the benighted mind.

THE Relief Commission of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee is rapidly taking steps to organize forces within Russia to fight the famine. It is urging the peasants of the more prosperous districts to form committees, and especially to compile lists of mothers who are willing to make homes for children from the famine country. Every report shows, however, the pathetic inadequacy of the means at hand in the face of the greatness of the need. The Committee was able recently to dispatch two trains for the Volga each equipped to serve 6,000 children. There are 300,000 in the State colonies alone, and the total number of children in the famine region, according to the census of 1917, is 6,500,000. In the conscious sacrifice of the adult population to the children the Russian is showing the stoicism which in his literature from Gogol to Gorki makes him a sublime and tragic figure.

Reality in Politics

MR. NORMAN ANGELL'S article on War and the Public Mind in this number of the New Republic raises emphatically the question, What is reality in politics? The conventional definition of realpolitik is that it takes account of the actual, tangible objects of statecraft, and the practicable measures for attaining them—geographical expansion for the sake of defensible frontiers or a supply of raw materials, control of communications, extension of markets, economic conditions, alliances, armaments, balance of power. It is the essence of Mr. Angell's view that these practical things are not the ultimate realities which determine the relations of nations, that for the mass of men they do not exist or are but dimly apprehended, that "the main raw material" of politics is public opinion, and that upon the intellectual and moral character of a people depends the importance of these practical objects as determining factors in its relations with other peoples. The development of national character is then the object of Mr. Angell's teaching as it is of a school of publicists, Messrs. J. A. Hobson and Bertrand Russell in England, Romain Rolland and Henri Barbusse in France, F. W. Foerster and Walter Rathenau in Germany. It is one of the hopeful facts of the time that this type of thinker has appeared simultaneously in many countries. And their unity of effort is first of all evident in their method. They are all members of a Clarté movement; they take as a point of departure and apply to each people the ancient maxim: know thyself.

At first sight the arousing of a national intelligence and its application to international relations seems an impossible task. The most disheartening aspect of the last ten years is the way in which events have escaped from the control of such intellectual force as has been brought to bear on them. Even with the results of past experience supplemented by the lessons of the war and its disastrous settlement, the impotence of nations to choose aright suggests the working of a legion of devils entered into mankind, or a perverse spirit guiding the world to ironic catastrophe. England face to face with unspeakable horrors in Ireland, Egypt, India; France, fatalistically struggling to make her own claims on Germany worthless; Poland last year, and this year Greece, flinging themselves abroad in conquest; America playing with armaments, recognitions, Allied debts, rotting ships and the Fordney tariff,—all this suggests a world ranging between madness and imbecility.

But it is fair to add that even an external view shows certain signs of promise. For one thing, though the peoples of the world, during these last years, have presented the general spectacle of the Gadarene swine, rushing down a steep place into the sea, yet more than once that onset has been retarded, deflected, stayed just before its momentum became irresistible. A corner was turned when the Russian-Polish agreement was signed last summer, another when the reparations agreement was temporarily effected last May, another when the Silesian conflict was localized. Undoubtedly to assume that any of these routes to the sea has been permanently stopped would be too optimistic, and yet the fact that the rush has been diverted even for a time gives ground for hope. If we cannot allow great credit for avoiding imminent catastrophe to those who appear to be joyously in the lead of the throng, it would appear that a certain instinct for self-preservation had been aroused in the herd itself—that enough sanity remained to defeat the last excesses of madness. A second ground of hope is to be discerned in the fact that in the face of such overwhelming evidence as has accumulated everywhere since the armistice of the inadequacy of the national mind to its problems, the school of thinkers mentioned above continues to work with a zeal perhaps born of desperation. And that they are

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making progress it would be vain to deny. Above all they are at grips with the fundamental elements of the situation, they are engaged with true real-politik.

In his opening lecture at the Institute of Politics at Williams College Viscount Bryce laid down two general propositions in regard to international relations. The first: "Every independent political community is, by virtue of its independence, in a state of nature toward other communities." The second: "The prospect of improving the relations of states and peoples to one another depends on the possibility of improving human nature itself." In other words, the connection between external relations and internal politics is immediate. The relation of human beings to each other within the same community determines the relations of that community to others. And the improvement of such relations means obviously the substitution of social for individual motives to action, of higher for lower sanctions, of spiritual for material gain. So long as each community thinks in terms of private wealth, of production for profit, of special privilege, so long is it inevitable that we shall have war, the international expression of the same forces which go to make up the nature of the internal economy which we enjoy under the name of peace. While it may be true that the greater nations may be restrained, for the moment, from open collision, by fear, by poverty, and by the memory of losses in the last conflict, we shall have, as at present, a state throughout the world in which war is endemic. The same social forces which maintain "peace" within the borders of the weary nations extend beyond these boundaries to Egypt, India, and Syria, to Silesia and Anatolia, to Korea and China and Africa, to Haiti and Mexico and the islands of the South Sea. Wherever there is not literal warfare, there is the shadow of it—oppression, cruelty, lust and slavery.

Now the recognition of these things by the group of thinkers mentioned above and the wide diffusion and interest in their thought, constitute the best hope we have of the solution of the problem of many nations and races occupying together the same world. A few years ago the demand for a change in human nature would itself have been regarded as a satisfactory reductio ad absurdum to any hope of progress. Today we find Viscount Bryce proceeding to treat world politics in no unrealistic fashion, with this proposition at the head of his discourse. Undoubtedly there are those who will urge with much force that since foreign relations depend upon domestic economics, the latter are the proper subject of our immediate concern.

There are others who will argue that since our domestic society can be reformed only by the regeneration of the individual, the improvement of human nature itself, it is of moment only to address ourselves directly to this task. To such propositions there are two answers. One Viscount Bryce suggests in pointing out that "A sound and wide view of national interests, teaching the peoples that they would gain more by the cooperation of communities than by their conflict, may do much to better [their] relations." That is, a wise opportunism may serve to defer the catastrophe to civilization involved in another great war, to give time for the working of those forces which are making for individual and social improvement. But a more cogent answer is that the very imminence and certainty of that catastrophe in a world governed by selfish forces is the strongest argument with which to appeal to man to control those forces by his reason and his will, and even to attempt the improvement of human nature itself.

The Obstacle to Fusion Success

THE nominating committee of the combined anti-Tammany groups in New York have performed a creditable job. In spite of many persuasive excuses for discord, they have kept together and have nominated an available ticket—probably the ablest and most available that under the circumstances they could have selected. Messrs. Curran, Lockwood and Gilroy will poll the whole anti-Tammany strength. If they are not elected, the fair inference will be not that this particular ticket was weak, but that no Fusion candidates could have succeeded. It would mean that Mayor Hylan and Tammany have won and retained the support of a majority of the voters of New York City.

In all probability, however, the anti-Tammany vote in all its existing volume will not be sufficient to elect the Fusion ticket. The political prophets predict the reelection of Mayor Hylan and the consequent endorsement of his administration by the people of New York. His opponents include a vast majority of the educated and well-to-do residents of the city. They include practically all New Yorkers who are interested in a clean, efficient government and who are intelligently devoted to the social welfare of the people of New York or to the honest and businesslike administration of their public affairs. They include every newspaper in the city except those published by Mr. Hearst. Such an array of social power and ability would,

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one might think, necessarily be able to carry an election. Ten years ago the combined anti-Tammany vote exceeded the Tammany vote by a comfortable margin. If the opponents of Tammany could succeed in fusing they always expected to win the election. Why is the expectation no longer justified? Why does such a powerful combination as that which is supporting the Fusion ticket start the campaign with an only too well justified anticipation of defeat?

The popular explanation is that Governor Miller's drastic legislation of last winter, which took away from New York City the control of its rapid transit companies, robbed the anti-Tammany and anti-Hylan agitation of popular sympathy. This explanation is hardly sufficient. The transit legislation increased the difficulty of preventing the reelection of Mayor Hylan, but the difficulty already loomed large; and it is traceable to a more fundamental cause than the association in the mind of the ordinary voter between the present administration and a five cent fare. It is a difficulty which exists in Chicago and in other large American cities no less than in New York; and it is a difficulty which all the agitation of the past forty years for honest and efficient municipal government has done nothing to remove. It has its roots in the intellectual and social cleavage between educated and well-to-do classes, to whom Hylan, Tammany and Hearst are anathema, and the great mass of the population of New York City.

The long educational campaign in favor of honest, efficient, expert and socialized government for New York City won its great victory in the fall of 1913 when it elected the late John Purroy Mitchel. Mr. Mitchel embodied in his own person and in his associations the hatred of administrative slacking and blundering and the glorification of clean and able administration as the indispensable servant of democracy in which a generation of agitation for municipal reform had culminated. He possessed the loyal and enthusiastic support of all the so-called "better elements" which are now opposing the reelection of Mayor Hylan. He was elected by a clear majority over his opponent, polling more than fifty per cent of the vote. He redeemed his pre-election promises. He gave to the people of New York the cleanest, the ablest, the most independent and the most social-spirited administration which they ever had. Yet when in the fall of 1917 he asked for a renewal of their confidence, he was hopelessly beaten. His share of the total vote dropped in four years from over a half to approximately a quarter. At the end of his term of office fully half of his former supporters repudiated him and his independent and able administration.

The intervening four years are not long enough to justify us in forgetting the manifest meaning of this terrible defeat. There were, of course, many specific causes. Mr. Mitchel's rigidity and ineptitude as a politician had something to do with it. What had most to do with it was not, however, his defects, but his qualities. The humbler people of New York revolted against the consequences to themselves of government by capable and disinterested experts. Mr. Mitchel's downfall was greeted by a wild outburst of popular enthusiasm on the East Side. It was interpreted as the overthrow of an autocracy of experts which interfered egregiously and unnecessarily with the customs and the privacies of the common people. The mass of the voters in New York City neither understood nor sympathized with the ideals which Mr. Mitchel embodied. Thus although there were a thousand reasons for his defeat they all grouped around the discouraging fact that the very excellence of his administration had condemned it to fatal unpopularity.

The vanquished reformers of four years ago have done nothing between 1917 and 1921 to popularize expert municipal government. Mayor Hylan has given to the people of New York an administration in all essential respects the opposite of that of his predecessor. He has broken down the standards of efficiency which Mr. Mitchel labored to introduce into administrative work. He has abandoned or emasculated many of the social services which Mr. Mitchel's appointees had started. He may not be as vulnerable as many of his Tammany predecessors were to the charge of permitting gross and spectacular abuses to thrive in the city government, but he has infused into it a methodical slovenliness, stupidity and irrelevance. He has labored to give to the people of New York the slack, easy-going, wasteful, irresponsible administration of their public business which in 1917 they elected him to give. He has succeeded. There is nothing to indicate any grave or widespread popular dissatisfaction with the result. The voters are likely to endorse his administration almost as emphatically as they repudiated that of the late Mayor Mitchel.

It is unnecessary to conclude that the voters of New York deliberately prefer the meaner thing and that democracy to that extent is a failure. In relation to the local government of a huge, sprawling, incoherent, amorphous city such as New York, democracy is not having a chance. What its people repudiated in defeating Mr. Mitchel was the attempt to impose upon them from above expert standards and services which they had never been educated to understand and to value. They found themselves the victims of a bureaucracy of officials

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and social workers who interfered with their lives in many annoying ways, who belonged socially to an alien class and who were acting under the dictation of a social outlook strange to the mass of the people. It is no wonder they drew away. Nor can they be depended upon to come back until something is done to domesticate in the minds and the lives of the "common people" the better ideals of public administration which appeal so strongly to their more favored fellow-citizens.

If the Fusion ticket had a fair or even a fighting chance of success, it would be better to postpone comment of this kind until after the election, but the admitted hopelessness of the outlook should stimulate those New Yorkers who seek a clean, able, socialized administration of the municipal business of New York to take a larger, longer and more radical view of the obstacles to their success. Their theory has always been that if by uniting the people who are in favor of efficient responsible local government, they could get control of the city, the beneficial results of their control would persuade a majority of the voters to become their confirmed supporters. The defeat of Mr. Mitchel has robbed any such theory of the slightest plausibility; and the apparent popularity of Mayor Hylan's deplorably cheap and slovenly administration has erected its utter opposite into an arguable doctrine. They cannot expect to transform New York into a well-governed city by fusing the anti-Tammany groups and winning an occasional election. The friends of cleanliness, economy and social responsibility in city government do not know how to reach the sympathies and awaken the interest of the mass of the people of New York.

They depend at present on the anti-Tammany political machines, the newspapers and the public meetings for opening a road into the minds of the voters. But these agencies either are not loyal or they are not serviceable. The local Republican organization has no more intention of committing suicide by arousing a non-partizan interest in good government than has any other political machine. The newspapers can quicken the movement of a popular contagion, but they are powerless to displace deeply rooted and partly unconscious springs of popular prejudice and behavior; and the same limitation applies more emphatically to public meetings.

The fundamental trouble is social and economic. An overgrown accident of a city like New York lacks the community of consciousness which is an indispensable condition of the successful education of the majority of its voters by a minority in favor of expert standards of municipal behavior. It possesses no appropriate agencies for creating such a consciousness, for building up in the minds of the voters an association between expert and efficient government and popular welfare. Every community which is too large to permit social mixing on the part of its members must divide itself into smaller communities whose members do mix and which form centres of public agitation and opinion. Such minor communities exist, of course, in large numbers in New York, but they exist usually for specific business or propagandist purposes; and they bring together people with similar ideas and similar ways of life rather than those who differ in these respects. That is the chief reason why the ideals and standards of the "better element" make no impression upon the mass of the voters. The progressives do not form part of the same society as the democratic mass. Their minds do not meet. The neighborhood has disappeared as a centre of community life and nothing else is as yet being substituted for it. The problem of better government for New York City will wait for its solution on a concentration by progressives upon the deeper problem of efficient local community organization.

The High Cost of Government

THE country has now learned, what the leaders of the Republican Party have probably long suspected, that it is easier to make fiscal promises than to redeem them. The fiscal burdens that are saddled on a nation during and after all wars cannot be disposed of lightly, no matter how good are the intentions of the legislature and of the Treasury. These are the outstanding conclusions to be drawn from an examination of the estimates of federal expenditures in the fiscal year 1922, and of the proposals for tax revision submitted by Secretary Mellon to the Ways and Means Committee on August 1st. The astonishment, dismay, and perplexity with which Secretary Mellon's recommendations are reported to have been greeted in Washington, may be regarded as little more than a political gesture when Mr. Mellon's suggestions are compared with the report of Secretary Houston in November, 1920, and with the course of federal expenditures since then.

The significant elements in the Secretary's recommendations to the Ways and Means Committee are simple and clear. Federal expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, he estimates, will amount to $4,600,000,000. This figure is about a billion dollars more than the country had hoped it would be. To meet this budget of probable expenditure it is proposed first to eliminate

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prevailing taxes that are peculiarly irritating and burdensome to business and to the people, and to substitute other forms of taxes, which will presumably bear more lightly on those who are destined to pay them. Hence, the program calls for the repeal of the excess profits tax; the reduction of income surtaxes from 70 to 40 per cent; the reduction by one-half of the transportation taxes; and the repeal of taxes on soft drinks and ice cream. Revenue lost from these sources will be replaced by the income from proposed new taxes, of which the most important are a flat tax of 15 per cent on the net incomes of corporations, coupled with the lifting of the present $2,000 exemption; a tax of 2 cents on bank checks; a flat tax of $10 on all automobiles; and the restoration of 3-cent postage for first-class mail.

Both the estimates of expenditure and the plans for tax revision were promptly met with a storm of disapproval and criticism from all quarters. A peace-time budget of more than four-and-a-half billions, it is pointed out, is no evidence of a serious attempt by the present administration to curb the extravagances in federal administration set in operation by its predecessor. While, also, the new taxes may relieve business and individuals from the inequities of the excess profits tax and of the income surtaxes, they at the same time impose new and equally heavy burdens. Some of this disapproval is, of course, of a kind that would meet any new fiscal measures; but much of it rests on firm grounds. Of all the tax recommendations made by Mr. Mellon, the suggested reduction of income surtaxes from 70 to 40 per cent seems the most deserving of careful consideration. Sound in abstract principle, in practical operation the prevailing surtaxes in this class have shown a marked and constant tendency to yield a diminishing revenue. Considerations of administrative expediency would seem to dictate a favorable attitude toward a reduction in the rate. Much of the same kind of experience has been had with the excess profits tax. As against an estimated yield from this source of $2,000,000,000 in the fiscal year 1920, the estimates for the years 1921 and 1922 are only $1,250,000,000 and $800,000,000. In fact the actual yield in the calendar year 1921 may fall below $500,000,000. This decrease is partly due to the business depression and the consequent fall in profits; but partly also to the shifting of investments to places where they are no longer subject to the excess profits tax. Moreover, tax experts who have been concerned with the administration of this tax tell a story of administrative confusion, inequality and complexity, which, they say, threaten a break-down of perhaps the whole income tax structure and make imperative its immediate repeal. If this description is true, the enactment of the flat tax on the net incomes of corporations would be desirable, since this tax performs to an extent the function required of the excess profits tax and in the next few years would probably yield a larger income than the excess profits tax. But before the excess profits tax is repealed and replaced by other taxes, every effort should be made to scrutinize its administrative deficiencies and to establish beyond a doubt the necessity for its repeal. The remaining sources of revenue proposed by the Secretary, reminiscent as they are of war administration, are not likely to receive any larger support than they apparently deserve.

The important problems arising out of Mr. Mellon's statement, however, are concerned not so much with the plans for tax revision as with the estimates of federal expenditures. At the present time, the details of these estimates have not been made public, but it is not probable that they differ substantially from similar estimates publicly made in the past. On the basis of such estimates, some insight can be had with regard to the places in the budget where the most substantial and least harmful cuts in expenditures can be made. According to the last reports from Washington, the final estimate of $4,600,000,000 contains a margin of roughly one billion dollars which is of a highly uncertain character. The gross estimate includes, in the first place, an appropriation of $545,000,000 for the railroads. Already Chairman Meyer of the War Finance Corporation has told the Ways and Means Committee that the demands on the Treasury for this purpose may fall considerably short of that amount. The Treasury further expects to realize during the year $350,000,000 out of war salvage; and believes that the increase in customs receipts over the receipts from the Underwood Tariff may amount to $70,000,000. There is also a faint hope that the postal deficit; allowed in the estimate, will be converted into a surplus. No one believes that any of these sources will yield maximum returns. Even then, allowing for all possible savings within this elastic margin, it would seem difficult, if not impossible, to reduce the amount required from taxation appreciably below four billion dollars.

Where, then, is it possible to make the savings which will be large enough to reflect themselves in the lessened need for revenue? In the public mind the mounting costs of government are too frequently ascribed to the importunities of the chiefs of the bureaus which perform the normal or civil functions of government. It is true that the cost of conducting our civil government has increased

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substantially in the past few years; and it is also true that here and there are departmental estimates that can stand further cuts without any serious impairment of service. But in the main the rise in costs has been due to the normal expansion in government activities, to needed increases in the salaries of government employes, and to the assumption of new and expensive duties by the Treasury, State, Commerce, and other Departments. Reductions of appropriations in such places would not lead to an enormous saving and would cripple departments in the performance of services that have become essential. For other reasons the estimates for interest on the public debt and for sinking funds cannot be safely reduced. These probably amount to more than one billion-and-a-half dollars. There remains, therefore, one other substantial item, which cannot be estimated precisely, but which, in view of the current rate of expenditures, adds up to considerably more than one billion dollars. This item is the estimated expenditures for the military establishment, including the cost of war risk insurance but excluding many collateral items which, if the detailed material were available, would be properly included in this general category. Assuming, then, revenue requirements of roughly four billions, certainly more than three-fourths of this amount is needed to meet war obligations of one kind or another. And of the three billions or more required for this purpose, it would be no exaggeration to state that substantially more than one-third may be allocated to the cost of military safeguards in the present and in the future. Where a wise and substantial cut ought to be made should be reasonably clear from these figures.

This story is by no means a new one. When Secretary Houston analyzed the ordinary disbursements of the United States government in the fiscal year 1920, he found that 90 per cent of them represented payment for war, and he then wrote: "Substantially all the expenditures entering into this total, and a large share of the expenditures on various minor accounts, represent burdens directly traceable to war, to past wars, or to preparedness for future wars. These figures serve to indicate the direction which sincere efforts to reduce the cost of the Government must take." What was true of the expenditures of 1920 is likewise true of the estimates for 1922. The problem before the Treasury and Congress is not one of inventing new taxes and of reviving discarded ones; but of cutting the expenditures where the cuts will count most and hurt least. The impending disarmament conference should play a more important part in the discussion of the present fiscal proposals than it has thus far done.

Uncle Sam's Turnstile

AT Ellis Island, somewhere toward the end of those huge desolate halls half lavatory, half prison, there is a room where the foreigner waits for the train to take him to America. Here he sits, surrounded by his large wife, and tan-skinned children sleeping with their mouths open, and belongings in rope-entangled baskets, in ancient pathetic bags. Some one plays an accordion, in the center of a group of dark, patient, inscrutable faces, which stare or smile. At last one of the officials, fat, sweating and with only his underclothes on above his waist, shouts "Baltimore and Ohio!" and holds up a big sign with the figure "1." And as the foreigners rush to pick up their children and their baggage, he waves them on as he has waved at them every day for years, with the kind of gesture that cattle would not think offensive, a gesture that would be brutal if it were not so tired.

In that gesture, if they had time to notice it, the immigrants might have seen a symbol of the treatment which, on the whole, they are going to get from America.

The act to limit immigration which went into effect on June 3rd is an approximation of that gesture translated into law. We need scarcely remind our readers that the Dillingham act restricts the number of foreigners admissible in any one year to "3 per centum of the number of foreign-born persons of such nationality resident in the United States as determined by the census of 1910," and that the effect of basing the restriction on our 1910 population means a return to the predominantly Northwest European immigrant of the years just before 1910. We shall not argue the wisdom of discriminating against the Southeast Europeans, nor try to pass on the question of whether Swedes make better Americans than Greeks, or Irishmen better ones than Jews. Let us take a closer view, and see what results this arbitrary, quite unscientific act has so far led to.

Since it was obvious that the three per cent restriction would allow in most cases the entrance of many fewer immigrants than were ready to come, the framers of the law took what seemed to them adequate precautions to relieve congestion. They provided that in any one month there might be admitted not more than twenty per cent of a given nationality's yearly quota. They also provided that information about the quotas should be made available to the steamship companies, and to our consular agents, who should spread such news among the people intending to emigrate. Do people who sail for the United States know, when they set out, that their country's quota may be full and that they may not be admitted? Does

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twenty per cent a month allow flexibility enough to prevent a jam? We have heard no rumors of any trouble over the quotas of Palestine—56 persons a year, nor of Fiume—71, nor of Andorra, Iceland, Lichtenstein, Monaco, San Marino, Malta and Gibraltar, which, having achieved statehood under the name of "Other Europe," must fight out among themselves the division of their yearly quota of 86. There was some irritation when the Liberian minister found that Liberia's quota for that particular month was only ½ a man, but he luckily obtained a ruling from the Department admitting him without amputation.

The case of Greece, however, has already made some stir. Shortly after the law took effect, two Greek steamers, the King Alexander and the Megalé Hellas, were racing bow and bow for New York, each with the full monthly quota of Greeks on board. Either the steamship companies took a chance, or a copy of the Dillingham act had not reached our consuls—it must be remembered that the bill took effect after only fifteen days' notice—or the consuls had not given the immigrants fair warning. However, this incident ended happily, for the extra Greeks were juggled into the quota of the next month or admitted under bond. But on July 21st, when Ellis Island officials announced that no immigrants had so far been barred for being in excess of their quotas, there were 49 excess Greeks waiting at Ellis Island for a ship to take them home again. The following day came a statement from Mr. W. W. Husband, the Commissioner General, to the effect that henceforth all immigrants in excess of their quota would be admitted under bond, and charged off against their country's quota for the whole year. This meant that the quotas of a number of countries would be exhausted long before the end of the year, and, while it foreshadowed more desperate races between quota-laden ships, it promised some relief to the monthly confusion. Yet on July 28th a steamer carrying 550 surplus Greeks, as well as 150 Americans who thought they had every right to land, was kept waiting three days in the harbor for the zero hour of the August quota, and on the first of August the Megalé Hellas won, by a margin of two minutes, a race with the Calabria on which hung the fate of some 58 immigrants, who, as the August quota for Greece and Persia was exhausted in sixty-seven minutes, will have to be deported.

In spite of all the rules that may be passed to mitigate it, the Dillingham Immigration act is bound to prove one of the clumsiest instruments ever concocted. Our consuls may succeed, by spreading information, in reducing the flow of immigrants down to somewhere near the limits demanded by the quotas, but what has happened already foreshadows that they will probably not be successful. The news, trickling back through foreigners returning to their native country, that there are some three or four million unemployed in the United States now, may have some effect, but it will not prevent many inconveniences, or even tragedies, at that theoretical time when the quotas for the year will have been completed. The turnstile, through which it has never been comfortable or easy for the foreigner to pass, will be inexorable. When the turnstile has registered the duly appointed number, it will be immovable until the beginning of the next "fiscal year," no matter how many fathers or brothers or children of aliens remain waiting on the wrong side of it.

Certain things can be done while we wait for the lifetime—one year—of this law to expire. There would be no harm in raising the minimum yearly quota of all countries to, let us say, 1,500, so avoiding many of the hardships and absurdities which citizens of what have been happily called the "smaller rug-making nations" must now endure. The results of the law could be further alleviated by a much more painstaking effort to give the foreigner advice and information before he leaves his own land. And if we realized that it is as important to help to a decent start the immigrants whom we admit as to keep the ones we don't want from coming in, we should turn the welfare of the new arrival at Ellis Island over to a national organization—like the Red Cross.

These measures would only be palliatives. As long as the Dillingham act—whose possibilities for creating absurd and tragic situations seem unlimited—remains on the statute books, we can make no real progress with the problem of immigration.

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War and the Public Mind

Opinion as the Raw Material of Politics

THE main raw material with which statesmen and politicians and students of politics have to deal is public opinion, the motives which determine an electorate's choice of policy. It is almost a truism that the quality of any society—its capacity or incapacity for self-government, the failure or success of democracy, in fact—is determined by the presence or absence, as the case may be, of certain moral values—the prevailing criteria of what is patriotism and good citizenship; what is important, what unimportant; what is the aim of the good state. Yet although the statesman or politician or student of politics is compelled to deal with the fact of public opinion, and to recognize that it is in truth the main raw material which he handles, and although deliberate creation and direction of opinion has become one of the commonplaces of modern government, there is a curious reluctance to study the nature of that raw material, its constituent elements, its outstanding factors. Incidentally, the reluctance may account for the fact that again and again, especially within the last ten years, we have seen "made" opinion altogether miscarry, and statesmen baulked by forces which they themselves had very largely created or set in motion.

One would assume, for instance, that an attempt to interpret, in the light of the events of the past ten years, the operation of the factors of public opinion—the motives which have determined political conduct, particularly of Europe—would be of very evident concern to Americans, themselves still wrestling with the carrying on of a society whose broad design has originated in Europe. But there is a risk that Americans will miss what is in truth their deepest concern in the events of Europe. In so far as a writer deals—as the present writer happens to deal in large measure—with such things as economic conditions that directly affect American markets, with the politics of alliances and armaments that have a direct bearing upon the visible policy of American administrations, he can fairly readily secure attention. These are deemed to be "practical" things. But these are not in fact the most practical things. Still nearer, surely, to American concern, is the operation of the forces, as active in American as in European life, which determine all political conduct. Perhaps the refusal to recognize this is due to a naïve assumption (belonging, indeed, to the psychology of patriotism which forms part of this study) that forces which are universal outside our frontiers cannot apply to us.

Americans see pretty clearly, for instance, a certain disintegration going on in Europe, as Englishmen see it clearly at work over much of the Continent. To the Englishman, watching the squabbles of all the new states, and the breaking out of all the new wars, there seem at work in that spectacle forces so suicidal that they could never in any degree touch his own political problems. So the American today, watching British policy in Ireland or French policy towards Germany, feels that in such conflicts are moral forces that could never produce similar paralysis in American policy. "Why," asks the confident American, "does England bring such unnecessary trouble upon herself by her military conduct in Ireland? Why does France keep three-fourths of a continent still in ferment, making reparations more and more remote?" Americans have a very strong feeling that they could not be guilty of the Irish mess, or of prolonging the confusion which threatens to bring Europe's civilization to utter collapse. How comes it that the English people, so genuinely and so sincerely horrified at the thought of what a Bissing could do in Belgium, unable to understand how the German people could tolerate a government guilty of such things, somehow find that their own British government is doing very similar things in Cork and Balbriggan; and, finding it, simply acquiesce? To the American the indefensibility of British conduct is plain. "America could never be guilty of it." To the Englishman just now, the indefensibility of French conduct is plain. The policy which France is following is seen to be suicidal from the point of view of French interests. The Englishman is sure that "English political sense" would never tolerate it in an English government.

One peculiarity of the prevailing political mind stands out. It is evident that a sensible, humane and intelligent people, even with historical and political sense, can quite often fail to realize how one step of policy, taken willingly, must compel

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This article is summarized from the Introduction to the forthcoming American Edition of Mr. Norman Angell's book, "The Fruits of Victory: A Sequel to 'The Great Illusion,'" which will be published by the Century Co. on August 19th.

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them to take other steps which they detest. If Mr. Lloyd George is supporting France, if the French government is proclaiming policies which it knows to be disastrous, but which any French government must offer to its people or perish, it is because somewhere in the past there have been set in motion forces the outcome of which was not realized. And if the outcome was not realized, although, looking back, or looking at the situation from the distance of America from Europe, the inevitability of the result seems plain enough, I suggest that it is because judgment becomes warped as the result of certain feelings or predominant ideas; and that it will be impossible wisely to guide political conduct without some understanding of the nature of those feelings and ideas, and unless we realize with some humility and honesty that all nations alike are subject to these weaknesses.

We all of us clamantly deny this plain fact when it is suggested that it also applies to our own people. What would have happened to the publicist who, during the war, should have urged: "Complete and overwhelming victory will be bad, because we shall misuse it?" Yet all the victories of history would have been ground for such a warning. Universal experience was not flouted merely by the uninstructed. One of the curiosities of war literature is the fashion in which the most brilliant minds, not alone in politics, but in literature and social science, simply disregarded this obvious truth. We each knew "our" people—British, French, Italian, American—to be good people: kindly, idealistic, just. Give them the power to do the Right—to do justice, to respect the rights of others, to keep the peace—and it would be done. That is why we wanted "unconditional" surrender of the Germans, and indignantly rejected a negotiated peace. It was admitted, of course, that injustice at the settlement would fail to give us the world we fought for. It was preposterous to suppose that we, the defenders of freedom and democracy, arbitration, self-determination—America, Britain, France, Japan, Russia, Italy, Rumania—should not do exact and complete justice. So convinced, indeed, were we of this that we may search in vain the works of all Allied writers to whom any attention was paid, for any warning whatsoever of the one danger which, in fact, wrecked the settlement, threw the world back into its oldest difficulties, left it fundamentally just where it was, reduced the war to futility. The one condition of justice—that the aggrieved party should not be in the position of imposing his unrestrained will—the one truth which, for the world's welfare, it was the most important to proclaim, was the one which it was black heresy and blasphemy to utter, and which, to do them justice, the moral and intellectual guides of the nations never did utter.

It is precisely the truth which Americans today are refusing to face. We all admit that, "human nature being what it is," preponderance of power, irresponsible power, is something which no nation can be trusted to use wisely or with justice. Yet the backbone of American policy, it is urged, must be an effort to retain preponderance of power. If this be secured little else matters. True, the American advocate of isolation today says: "We are not concerned with Europe. We only ask to be left alone. Our preponderance of power, naval or other, threatens no one. It is purely defensive." Yet the truth is that the demand for preponderance of armaments itself involves a denial of right. Let us see why.

No one denies that the desire to possess a definitely preponderant navy is related, in some degree at least, to such things as, shall we say, the dispute over the Panama tolls. A growing number feel and claim that that is a purely American dispute. To subject it to arbitral decision, in which Europeans would necessarily have a preponderance, would be to give away the American case beforehand. With unquestioned naval preponderance over any probable combination of rivals, America is in a position to enforce compliance with what she believes to be her just rights. At this moment a preponderant navy is being urged on precisely those grounds. In other words, the demand is that in a dispute to which she is a party she shall be judge and able to impose her own judgment. That is to say, she demands from others the acceptance of a position which she would not herself accept. There is nothing at all unusual in the demand. It is the feeling which colors the whole attitude of combative nationalism. But it none the less means that "adequate defence" on this basis inevitably implies a moral aggression—a demand upon others which, if made by others upon ourselves, we should resist to the death.

It is not here merely or mainly the question of a right: American foreign policy has before it much the same alternatives, with reference to the world as a whole, as were presented to Great Britain with reference to the Continent in the generation which preceded the war. Her "splendid isolation" was defended on grounds which very closely resemble those now put forward by America as the basis of the same policy. Isolation meant, of course, preponderance of power, and when she declared her intention to use that power only on behalf of even-handed justice, she not only meant

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it, but carried out the intention, at least to an extent that no other nation has done. She accorded a degree of equality in economic treatment which is without parallel. One thing only led her to depart from justice: that was the need of maintaining the supremacy. For this she found herself involved in certain exceedingly entangling alliances. If the American retorts that his country is in a fundamentally different position, because Great Britain possesses an Empire and America does not, that only proves how very much current ideas in politics fail to take cognizance of the facts. The United States today has in the problem of the Philippines, their protection and their trade, and the bearing of those things upon Japanese policy; in Haiti and the West Indies, and their bearing upon America's subject nationality problem of the Negro; in Mexico, which is likely to provide America with its Irish problem; in the Panama Canal tolls question and its relation to the development of a mercantile marine and naval competition with Great Britain, in these things alone, to mention no others, subjects of conflict involving defence of American interests, out of which will arise entanglements not differing greatly in kind from the foreign questions which dominated British domestic policy during the period of British isolation.

When Britain spoke of "splendid isolation," she meant what America means by the term today, namely, a position by virtue of which, when it came to a conflict of power between herself and others, she should possess preponderant power, so that she could impose her own view of her own rights, be judge and executioner in her own case. To have suggested to an Englishman twenty years ago that the real danger to the security of his country lay in the attitude of mind dominant among Englishmen themselves, that the fundamental defect of English policy was that it asked of others something which Englishmen would never accord if asked of them, and that such a policy was particularly inimical in the long run to Great Britain, since her population lived by processes which dominant power could not, in the last resort, exact, —such a line of argument would have been, and indeed was, regarded as too remote from practical affairs to be worth the attention of practical politicians. A discussion of the Japanese Alliance, the relations with Russia, the size of foreign fleets, the Bagdad railway, would have been regarded as entirely practical and relevant. These things were the "facts" of politics. It was not regarded as relevant to the practical issues to examine the role of certain general ideas and traditions which had grown up in England in determining the form of British policy. The growth of a crude philosophy of militarism, based on a social pseudo-Darwinism, the popularity of Kipling and Roberts, the jingoism of the Northcliffe Press—these things might be regarded as items in the study of social psychology; they were not regarded as matters for the practical statesman. "What would you have us do about them, anyway?"

It has happened to the present writer, in addressing American students, to lay stress upon the role of certain dominant ideas in determining policy (upon the idea, say, of the State as a person, upon the conception of States as necessarily rival entities), and afterwards to get questions in this wise: "Your lecture seems to imply an internationalist policy. What is your plan? What ought we to do? Should we make a naval alliance with Great Britain, or form a new League of Nations, or denounce Article Ten, or . . . ?" I have replied: "The first thing to do is to change your ideas and moral values; or to get to know them better. That is the most practical and immediate platform because all others depend on it. We all profess great love of peace and justice. What will you pay for it, in terms of national sovereignty? What degree of sovereignty will you surrender as your contribution to a new order? If your real feeling is for domination, then the only effect of writing constitutions of the League of Nations will be to render international organization more remote than ever, by showing how utterly incompatible it is with prevailing moral values."

America has before her certain definite problems of foreign policy—Japanese immigration into the United States and the Philippines; concessions granted to foreigners in Mexico; the question of disorder in that country; the relations with Haiti (which will bear on the question of America's subject nationality, the Negro); the exemption of American ships from tolls in the Panama Canal; the exclusion of foreign shipping from "coastwise" trade with the Philippines. It would be possible to draw up plans of settlement with regard to each item which would be equitable. But the development of foreign policy (which, more than any other department of politics, will fix the quality of American society in the future) will not depend upon the more or less equitable settlement of those specific questions. The specific differences between England and Germany before the war were less serious than those between England and America —and were nearly all settled when war broke out. Whether an issue like Japanese immigration or the Panama tolls leads to war will not depend upon its intrinsic importance, or whether Britain or Japan or America make acceptable proposals on

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the subject. (Mr. ex-Secretary Daniels has just told us that the assertion of the right to establish a cable station on the Island of Yap is good ground for risking war, which in the past he has told us means "collapse of civilization". . . "end of humanity," etc., etc.) The specific issues about which nations fight are so little the real cause of the fight that they are generally completely forgotten when it comes to making the peace. The future of submarine warfare was not mentioned at Versailles. Given a certain state of mind, a difference about cables on the Island of Yap is quite sufficient to make war inevitable. We should probably regard it as a matter of national honor, concerning which there must be no argument. Another mood, and it would be impossible to get the faintest ripple of interest in the subject.

It was not British passion for Serbian nationality which brought Britain to the side of Russia in 1914. It was the fear of German power and what might be done with it, a fear wrought to frenzy pitch by a long indoctrination concerning German wickedness and aggression. Passion for the subjugation of Germany persisted long after there was any ground of fear of what German power might accomplish. If America fights Japan, it will not be over cables on Yap; it will be from fear of Japanese power, the previous stimulation of latent hatreds for the strange and foreign. And if the United States goes to war over Panama Canal tolls, it will not be because the millions who will get excited over that question have examined the matter, or possess ships or shares in ships that will profit by the exemption; it will be because all America has read of Irish atrocities which recall school-day histories of British atrocities in the American Colonies, because the "person," Britain, has become a hateful and hostile person, and must be punished and coerced.

War with either Japan or Britain or both is, of course, quite within the region of possibility. It is merely an evasion of the trouble which facing reality always involves, to say that war between Britain and America is "unthinkable." If any war, as we have known it these last ten years, is thinkable, war between nations that have already fought two wars is not unthinkable. And those who can recall at all vividly the forces which marked the growth of the conflict between Britain and Germany will see just those forces beginning to color the relations of Britain and America. Among those forces none is more notable than this: a disturbing tendency to stop short at the ultimate questions, a failure to face the ultimate causes of divergence. Among people of good will there is a tendency to say: "Don't let's talk about it. Be discreet. Let us assume we are good friends and we shall be. Let us exchange visits." In just such a way, even within a few weeks of war, did people of good will in England and Germany decide not to talk of their differences, to be discreet, to exchange visits. But the men of ill-will talked—talked of the wrong things—and sowed their deadly poison.

The present writer has attempted to suggest why neither side in the Anglo-German conflict came down to realities before the war. To have come to fundamentals would have revealed the fact to both parties that any real settlement would have asked things which neither would grant. Really to have guaranteed Germany's future economic security would have meant putting her access to the resources of India and Africa upon a basis of treaty, of contract. That would be for Britain the end of empire, as imperialists understood it. To have secured in exchange the end of "marching and drilling" would have meant the surrender of certain dominations, a recasting of patriotic ideals, a revolution of ideas.

Whether Britain and America are to fight may very well depend upon this: whether the blinder and more unconscious motives rooted in traditional patriotisms, and the impulse to the assertion of power, will work their evil before the development of ideas has brought home to us a clearer vision of the abyss into which we fall; before we have modified, in other words, our tradition of patriotism, our political moralities, our standard of values. Without that more fundamental change no scheme of settlement of specific differences, no platforms, Covenants, Constitution can avail, or have any chance of acceptance or success.

NORMAN ANGELL.

Liberia One Hundred Years After

LIBERIA today is at the parting of the ways. It was in February, 1820, that the first shipment of eighty-eight Negroes went forth under the joint auspices of the American Colonization Society and the United States Government; and on January 7, 1922, it will be exactly one hundred years since settlers first formally occupied land that is now Liberian territory. The country is thus approaching its centennial, and as it does, it finds itself face to face with very serious problems. Incidentally the situation affords opportunity for a peculiar testing of some of the principles of our own country.

It was on July 26, 1847, that, in an effort to

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defend herself against England, Liberia issued a Declaration of Independence and adopted a Constitution. It may well be questioned if by this time she had sufficiently developed internally to be able to assume the duties and responsibilities of an independent power. There were only 4,500 people of American origin in the country; these were for the most part illiterate, and they were scattered along a coastline of more than three hundred miles. It is not to be supposed, however, that this consummation had been attained without much yearning and high spiritual fervor. Most of the Negroes in the United States had been opposed to colonization, and there was something pathetic in the effort for freedom of this small company, most of whose members had not been born in Africa, but for the sake of their race had made their way back to the fatherland. The seal of the new Republic bore the motto: The Love of Liberty Brought Us Here; and the flag, modeled on that of the United States, had six red and five white stripes for the signers of the Declaration, and in the upper corner next to the staff a lone white star in a field of blue.

Since 1847 the history of the country has naturally been very largely that of international relations. In fact, preoccupation with the questions raised by powerful neighbors has in some measure at least accounted for the comparatively slow internal development of the country. The shadow of England there has lowered constantly. For eighty years this great power has not ceased to intermeddle in Liberian affairs, brow-beating or cajoling as seemed at the moment most advisable. In 1882 she sent four gunboats to Monrovia and secured from President Gardiner a treaty giving up all Liberian rights to the Gallinhas territory from Sherbro Island to the Mafa River, in exchange for £4,750 and the abandonment of all other British claims. This agreement was really repudiated by the Liberian Congress, and in 1885, through the influence of the United States, the treaty was slightly modified, but its spirit was not changed, for in 1903-4 still another boundary was established on the west beyond which Liberia could not exercise jurisdiction. France, however, was not to be outdone by England. On the pretext of title deeds obtained by French naval commanders who visited the coast in 1890, in 1891 she put forth claims not only to the whole of the Ivory Coast but also to land as far away as Grand Bassa and Cape Mount; and under threat of force she compelled Liberia to accept the treaty of 1892, which for 25,000 francs and the relinquishment of all other claims permitted her to take all territory in question east of the Cavalla River. Meanwhile both England and France held over the Republic the threat that if the advance of the one was not stopped the other would have to seize more territory; and in 1907 a new treaty formally permitted France to occupy all of the territory seized by force. This power then immediately began to move on to more territory in the hinterland.

By 1907, because of the attitude of English officials in Monrovia, things finally reached a crisis. In 1908 a commission of representative Liberians came to ask the good offices of the United States, and a return commission went from America in 1909. One result of the visit of the American commission was the pooling of the liabilities of Liberia and the negotiation of an international loan of $1,700,000. This was not the first loan in Liberian history. In 1871 one of $500,000, negotiated with England, was nothing more than a thinly disguised plan of Liberian officials and English business men to defraud the country; and a loan of a similar amount in 1904-6 was simply a plan for the furtherance of the aims of the Liberian Development Company, an English concern that pretended to develop but that was really designed to exploit the interior and that was finally shown to have no resources whatever except those raised on the credit of the Republic. From neither of these loans did the country reap very much benefit, though it finally had to assume obligations for very nearly the full amounts. For the new loan of $1,700,000 the United States took final responsibility, and in 1912 an American "General Receiver of Customs and Financial Adviser to the Republic of Liberia" opened his office in Monrovia. Among the things proposed in connection with this loan were various internal improvements; but after the country's pressing obligations had been attended to, it was found that what was left was altogether inadequate for any work on a large scale. Accordingly in 1918 there was begun negotiation for a new loan, one of $5,000,000, and for the last three years this loan has been the one topic of conversation in the Republic, as everything depended on whether it "went through" or not. It became increasingly clear to the Liberian people, however, that the proposed operation of this loan would place American officials in strategic positions throughout the Republic and thus practically take the sovereignty of their country out of their own hands, though the ultimate burden would fall upon themselves. On the other hand they realized that England and France were "watchfully waiting" and ready on the slightest pretext to divide the country between them. Even in the face of this dilemma, however, the Liberian Congress last year decided that the Republic could not possibly accept the loan of $5,000,000 on the terms proposed; and

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a commission headed by President Charles D. B. King has recently come to the country to see if a more honorable adjustment can not be made. In the last analysis the situation means that Liberia does not desire to fall prey to the devouring English lion, but with bleeding Haiti before her she is forced to wonder what is the real policy of the United States toward small nations and black people.

At the same time, in addition to the political, loom the pressing social and economic problems of the country. Unfortunately Liberia started off with the rather leisurely and false ideals of life that obtained in the old South. Today the Republic has hardly made a beginning in industrial development. Important also is the matter of health; nor have things been made better by the recent food shortage. Disease is prevalent, as it is all along the West Coast. It is quite possible, however, that from one source or another the country will have a hospital very soon.

These are only some of the questions with which one comes face to face in Liberia at the present time. The work in the churches is flourishing. On the other hand there is not sufficient emphasis on popular education. As there are no public schools, almost all that is done for education is under the auspices of the missionary institutions, among which those of the Episcopalians and the Methodists have been most prominent. While the enterprise of the denominational institutions can not be doubted, the question may well be raised if, in so largely relieving the people of the burden of the education of their children, they are not unduly cultivating a spirit of dependence rather than of self-help. At the same time, if we consider all the schools of every sort, and the natives as well as the Americo-Liberians, and if we further suppose that every school could accommodate twice as many students as now attend, even then there would not be school facilities for one child in ten in the Republic.

Mention of the natives calls to mind a great social problem into which all others somehow seem to merge. In a territory not larger than our own state of Pennsylvania a population of American descent numbering strictly not more than 16,000 holds under its central government a native population of more than a score of tribes numbering nearly 2,000,000 souls. The latter range all the way from the Mandingo and the Vai, with a Mohammedan background and a tradition that emphasizes the Koran, to the wild and tattooed Buzi and the cannibalistic Mano. In the early years the American settlers had frequent wars with these people, and it was but natural that in more recent years some feeling should survive. It is evident, however, that any large system of development or education will bring the native into greater prominence and that against this element the population of American descent will not finally be able to hold its own. The foremost Liberian leaders accordingly are more and more realizing that it is upon the tribesman that the real future of their country depends and that his education and care are accordingly matters of the highest national importance. When the governing class as a whole understands that its own future is wrapped up with that of the native, a new day will have dawned not only for this man but for the Americo-Liberian as well.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY.

The Gesture

THEY were ridiculously happy. Smiles trickled about her mouth irresponsibly, irrepressibly, while her voice gurgled and bubbled. The fire was hot and glowing, staining bits of the wall and making ruddy puddles among the silver paraphernalia of tea things. Their faces too, were dyed red and seemed unreal, part of the fantastic delightfulness of this hour. The windows framed bright blue plaques of evening and a vase of poinsettias looked like a wonderful bunch of scarlet octopuses. She luxuriated in every detail of her happiness, taking a disproportionate pleasure in a bunch of lilies of the valley that lay on her lap and seemed to throw a web of fragrance over the room.

It didn't matter what either of them said. Everything was equally important and equally irrelevant. Sometimes she would have a little break of wit and he would applaud as if it were a turn. For a moment they would play the game of not being intimate in order to plunge ecstatically back again. Then:

"I must be back at half past seven," he said.

That sobered her.

"Have you ever thought of the rubato of time," she asked. "That though a clock is a metronome, no two hours are ever the same length?"

"Yes," he said. "The shortest are eternal."

They talked of things so banal that they would have disgraced a debutante at a dinner party and of things of so great a magnitude that it seemed ridiculous to mention them at all. And underneath it all ran the strong, swift current of their intimacy.

"We might never have met," he said. "It was quite, quite an accident."

"Yes," she smiled. "You restored my confidence in turnings."

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"In turnings?"

"When I was a child, I thought that round every corner something wonderful was waiting. And then for years the same sort of people seemed to recur like decimals, just a lot of different editions of the same thing. And then I met you."

"And I was prejudiced to the verge of rudeness. I hardly listened to what you said."

"Yes, and after making up your mind to hate me you had to climb back on to the fence and dangle your legs on the other side."

"But be fair. When I did come over to you, I capitulated entirely. I didn't keep one little defence in reserve. Whereas you, who have made a study of giving yourself away, always keep what you want to keep inviolate. You with your warm invulnerability!"

"Ah, how much I keep back from you!" she teased him and suddenly she caught sight of her watch.

Half past seven.

He saw her and asked how late it was. By the time they had got a taxi it was a quarter to eight. She was going in a diametrically opposite direction to his but she couldn't resist taking him part of the way—a very big part of the way—finally she dropped him like a hot potato, it was easier like that, and spurring on her taxi, she rushed to the other side of London.

She was calling for a very dear friend at his office and she was at least three-quarters of an hour late. Would he be hurt or offended, or both? Would she have to spend the whole evening soothing and smoothing his ruffled feelings till she ended, as she always did in those circumstances, by saying more than she had meant to, by fanning flames she wanted to keep low and then making desperate efforts to retrieve her indiscretion?

"I will have a nice evening," she thought as she saw herself see-sawing from one extreme to the other. And then she would have to make up her mind whether or not to lie about what had kept her—she who loathed lying. And if she didn't, she would be inflicting extra pain and opening up interminable vistas of questionings and justifications and extenuations—and—so it seemed to her—vulgarizations.

She drove up to the office and rang the bell. No answer. Could it be that he had lost patience and left? She rang again. So even he had come to the end of his patience with her. She thought she could see a light. Better telephone in case he hadn't heard. She crossed the road in search of a telephone and ran straight into him.

She rushed into a stream of blame and accusation.

"So you couldn't even wait for me?"

"My dear," he said, "this is divine of you. It is like you to have given me this lovely surprise."

Bewildered, she looked at him—surely this was rather crude irony?

"What surprise?"

"Why to have come so gloriously unexpectedly early. You sometimes hurt me and make me angry, but you always make up for it by some little gesture of tenderness, some unhoped for gift."

"What time is it?" she asked, dazed.

"Just half past seven."

"But, then it must have been half past six."

"What must have been half past six?"

"An hour ago," she answered inanely.

But he hardly listened.

"Thank you, my darling," he said, kissing her hand.

She smiled.

"I did have rather a rush," she said.

To her he is a thief. He has stolen an hour and a gesture.

ELIZABETH BIBESCO.

Loss and Gain

A Reinforced Conversation

THE lights were sparkling about the edges of the particular roof garden known as the Hurricane Deck, and beyond them the terraced buildings of the upper city traced a sky line like that of ancient Babylon. The jazz music ceased and the dancers returned to their tables, where the shaded candles cast red light on white cloths, and turned the glasses of water into—No, there is a subject which more than the weather betrays conversational poverty. Let us talk of the heat. But hold. Our renunciation is in vain. At the edge of the band stand there is a tall energetic figure, and a determined voice rises above the languid clicking and shuffling and humming. A drive is on. "Are you willing to give up without a protest the most sacred inheritance ever given to mankind?" Certainly not. Is it a Liberty Loan or the Red Cross? No, it is the Volstead Act that is in danger. In a moment, we are assured, ladies "who have seen service overseas" (oh, happy ambiguity!) will accost us for contributions to the sacred cause of human rights. Who will refuse the price of a single cocktail to make the world safe for light wines and beer?

The subject is forced upon us and we debate it more eagerly as the collectors draw nearer. We consider the reduction in the liquor bill of the nation—a great sum saved. Who gets it? The argument is spiked by a comparison of dinner checks which skilfully dissimulate the price of sev-

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eral cocktails and at least a bottle of claret. We turn to the priceless boon of health, shown by the diminution of cases in the alcholic wards of Bellevue, and in the empty insane asylums. But figures are at hand to show that moderate drinking begun at the age of fifty-two adds to longevity. There is the astonishing gain in the steadiness and efficiency of labor. It is surmised, however, that leisure recovered from intoxication has been absorbed by Bolshevism. There is the domestic happiness of the workingman's family. No, it would appear that the withdrawal of saloon privileges has thrown upon the home a burden which has taxed its resources, spatial and spiritual. There is literally not room enough there for the husband and father, and not enough for him to do. His ennui is responsible for a sinister increase of wife-beating and desertion.

And so on. At least our civilization has been relieved of a vast burden of sheer drunkenness and folly. Yes, but has not civilization paid something in return? There is Mr. Saintsbury's Notes on a Cellar Book to remind us that wine is an element in culture. The nobler senses are trained to fine discrimination and held to critical judgment by the variety of line and color in sculpture and painting, and by the infinite combinations of sound in music. Wine affords the only possibility of raising the sense of taste to a like effort of criticism, of making it an aesthetic instrument, and a source of intellectual pleasure. No one can read Mr. Saintsbury's fine and eloquent appreciation of the delicate Ventozello of '72, "which began to be slightly senescent after 1902," or his subtle discrimination of his enjoyment of a Richebourg of '69 as opposed to that of a Romanée Conti of '58, without feeling that there has passed away a glory from the earth. And as for the ancillary value of wine to other arts—to music, and poetry, and song—the examples of Anacreon, Omar, Ben Jonson, Herrick, and Tennyson are all summed up in the dictum of a certain Dr. Thudichum, whom Mr. Gosse quotes as a learned authority for the statement that pure wine "rouses the higher faculties of thought, memory and imagination, and increases the zest of life and its duration."

But of course we should not regret a more or less hypothetical loss in culture in comparison with the gain in the moral life of the people. The battle for prohibition was fought on moral grounds, and its victory was a moral triumph. The nation took the pledge; in the face of a mocking, sneering, tempting world it dared to do right and turned down its glass. True; but the very completeness of the victory over self and sin has left something of a vacuum in the department of ethical endeavor, a vacuum which it is sought to fill by causes which lack the traditional majesty of temperance. Having conquered the craving for strong drink, virtue looks about for new worlds to conquer—why not tobacco, Sabbath-breaking, high heels and short skirts? The danger is, of course, that we shall raise an ethical edifice of such elaborate grandeur and diversity that the moral sense will lose its way in the intricacies of its corridors. It may be questioned whether temperance in drink is not one of those moral efforts which have their chief value to the community in the period of striving. The temperance agitation was doubtless a moral incitement of great value to the country. We have lost this incitement by abolishing the occasion of it, and the ethical life of the nation is the poorer.

Certainly this is true in the case of the individual. Milton, one of the profoundest moralists of the English race, called attention to the importance of the element of temptation, in "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat." Now one of the most available forms of exercise for breathing individual virtue was combatting the temptation for strong drink, and one of the most easily standardized garlands was that of the total abstainer. By throwing the protection of the law about him we have robbed him of his individual glory, and have rendered his virtue if not fugitive, at least cloistered. Again we hear the melancholy voice of Milton, sounding moral doubt. "As the state of man now is; what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear?"

More than this, before national prohibition there were countless opportunities for the heroic abstainer to dramatize his abstinence. There was the saloon, into which he was lured by evil companions, there was the social glass, which was pressed upon him by his employer or his employer's daughter, there was the banquet at which he sat surrounded by business associates, all pressing strong drink upon him. Strength of conviction, the self-control to be different, the courage to say no, all were involved in his refusal. We have not only deprived the individual of this stimulus to his moral egoism—we have actually reversed its effect. The law takes from the individual the opportunity to be noble in refusing the drink which the world, the flesh, and the Devil formerly united to press upon him. In the present scarcity even the Devil would hardly spare a finger of whiskey to tempt a seraph; and the world regards the occasional indulgence to which, in the relaxing of

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moral tension, many total abstainers have descended, with a distinctly unfriendly eye. The law incites the individual to drink as a matter of self-assertion. It is no longer a mark of character to refuse a drink, but rather to get one. The hazard of adventure has passed to the other side. Whether this element of excitement in our daily lives,—the still in the bath-room, the champagne travelling with us as victrola records, the highball crossing the bar in a convoy of near-beers will enrich our existence sufficiently to compensate for loss of our chief source of moral romanticism, it is permitted to doubt.

In the balance of the losses and gains of prohibition it is undoubtedly a fallacy to treat the country as a social unit. There is more prohibition in the country than in the city—in Kansas than in New York. But the profitable line of division for our discussion proves to be that between the upper and the lower classes. On the whole it is a fair generalization to say that if prohibition has cut the drinking of the poor it has amazingly increased that of the rich. Liquor has always been a prominent sign of that conspicuous waste upon which Mr. Veblen finds that the position of the leisure class depends, but whereas formerly this prestige was a matter largely of connoisseurship and was expressed in qualitative considerations, in the present situation such fine-spun distinctions have been lost sight of and quantity alone counts. Hence, whereas a single cocktail used to be an appropriate apéritif, now the hostess is blackballed who does not serve three or four. Similarly a dance could be floated on a supply of liquor which would nowadays be accounted niggardly. Whether or not the poor are drinking too little, it is certain that the rich are drinking too much.

This situation undoubtedly puts a severe strain on the class of social strivers who are doing rather more than they should, those whose social reach exceeds by a little their grasp. In the days of Thackeray such ambition was liable to trip up on a coarse claret, or a youthful port, a lapse which might be evident only to the expert. Today the breach occurs in the quantity, and is visible to all. Hence the anxiety with which the aspiring hostess estimates beforehand the capacity of her party. And hence the hostility with which she contemplates the guest who never used to, but who has lately taken up moderate drinking, since it has become safe. A distinguished entertainer is quoted as declaring that in her experience the voluntary teetotaller is as extinct as the dodo. And a Thackeray is surely needed to depict the catastrophe of the hostess who in her trouble takes the easiest way to the corner druggist, or the local boot-legger. Formerly she merely ran the risk of disgusting her guests; now she poisons them.

Similarly the social boundaries of prohibition can be drawn pretty accurately between the young and the old. The effort which, outside the extremely favored classes, must be made to get a drink deters age rather than youth from the achievement; and the adventure which allures aspiring youth to a bibulous excelsior necessarily seems tame to the sated palate of age. The old have had their drink, and are disposed to take their restriction philosophically; the young have not had all that they feel is coming to them, and are in a panic lest they should miss any of it. Anyone who is on intimate terms with the youth of today will agree that there is a veritable sauve qui peut among them. A young woman of some social experience informs us that she considered herself lucky during the past winter if she obtained a partner only half drunk and still in a degree locomotary. Even a children's party must have its bar. Champagne cup and sweetheart cocktails are as much a matter of course as confetti and valentines, and the next morning we hear of the infant whos whos being assisted to their cars by maids and chauffeurs. Again it may be inferred that whether or not the old are drinking too little, the young are drinking too much.

And so the conversation which I have summarized with some loss of colloquial flavor, flowed on while eloquence roared over our heads and down the wind and the heroines of overseas hovered nearer. The losses of prohibition had mounted to a formidable total by the time our table was reached, but we had made up our minds to take them and charge them off cheerfully. After all, one great loss through prohibition falls in the item of good will in the inventory, and this is avoidable.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Cold Blooded Creatures

Man, the egregious egoist,
(In mystery the twig is bent,)
Imagines, by some mental twist,
That he alone is sentient

Of the intolerable load
Which on all living creatures lies,
Nor stoops to pity in the toad
The speechless sorrow of its eyes.

He asks no questions of the snake,
Nor plumbs the phosphorescent gloom
Where lidless fishes, broad awake,
Swim staring at a night-mare doom.

ELINOR WYLIE.

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Agrarian Problems in Soviet Russia

PATIENT, obstinate, slow; suspicious of innovations; practical within a narrow circle of life; instinctively adhering to the soil, himself almost part of the soil; at the same time endowed with a keen intelligence and a certain primitive idea of social justice,—such was the peasant when, hand in hand with the proletariat of the city, he opened the flood-gates of the October revolution. It was a curious match: the city worker headed for a new social order that was to supersede capitalism, the peasant knee-deep in a pre-capitalist era; the city worker bent upon establishing collective work for collective use, the peasant dreaming of a goodly portion of land for his private use; the city worker led by a Communist party, the peasant led by no party whatever. Both classes were united in a fury of expropriation, but whereas the city workers dispossessed their employers in the name of a grand social ideal, the peasants dispossessed their landlords with the idea of establishing small farming. There can be no doubt now as to this dominant idea of the peasants. We, Russian intelligentzia, have for generations either idealized the peasant as a Socialist by nature, or we looked at him with awe as at a sphinx. He was neither. He was just a commonplace small farmer who envied the landlord his fortune and grabbed it as soon as he could. It was surely not the peasant who supplied the revolution with ideas, with fighters and dreamers. The history of the revolution reduces itself in a large measure to the history of compromises between the idealistic self-sacrificing city and the obdurate "black earth" of the village. At his best, the peasant was passive. Quite often he refused co-operation. And though his Soviets became practical schools of self-government, they are usually confined to local affairs and still lack the national outlook. The peasant excellently expressed his attitude in that well-known slogan, "Long live the Bolsheviki, away with the Communists!"—the "Bolsheviki" being those who in 1917 proclaimed "all land to the people," the "Communists," those who compelled the village in 1919-1920 to feed the city and fight for the revolution.

It was because Bolshevism in this limited sense could not be separated from the larger aspects of the Communist revolution that cooperation between city and village was at all possible. The agrarian revolution, expressed by the expulsion of the landlords and the seizure of their estates, had begun long before October, 1917. It was a spontaneous and anarchic movement led by nobody and springing out of the consciousness that nobody was in the way of the "people." Kerensky's attempts to stem the tide pending the decision of the Constituent Assembly were doomed to failure. The October program was, here as elsewhere, an expression of existing facts. The decree of October 26, 1917, abolishing private property in land and proclaiming equal distribution of land among all who wished to do agricultural work without hired labor, was compiled from resolutions passed by two hundred and forty-two local peasant committees which were instrumental in seizing the landlord's estates prior to the accession of the Soviets. The local Soviets became the actual managers of the land, distributing it through district land committees. There was no uniform plan, nor equality of peasant's allotments in the various regions, nor even equality within the same village. In the central Russian provinces, where the soil is poor, the landed estates were comparatively small; in the fertile east, south and south-east of Great Russia, flourishing private estates passed into the hands of the peasants and considerably increased their holdings. In Ukrainia and the region north of the Caucasus the peasants seized enormous stretches of the richest private land. Within the communities there still remained the rich man, the so-called village "kulak" (fist), who, even if his share in the new land did not exceed that of his neighbor, retained a dominant position. The newly established village Soviets soon became a tool in the hands of the economically strong. Peasant Russia swallowed up 232,200,000 acres of landlords' estates in addition to some 400,000,000 acres formerly held by the peasants. Towards the end of 1917 the revolution was accomplished. The village was ready to settle down and digest its new acquisitions. It cared little for the city. It cared little for the nation. Its supreme desire was to be left alone to work out its new life.

This, however, was impossible under the stress of war and revolution. The city needed food. The industries were collapsing, and no equivalent in the form of manufactured goods could be furnished. Armed detachments of revolutionary soldiers appeared in the village to requisition foodstuffs. A state monopoly of nearly all farm products had been established and fixed prices were paid in depreciated money. The revolutionary state was coercing the peasants to do their duty before the nation. The peasants were loath to comply. The more prosperous were naturally in a sharper opposition. A series of clashes followed. City and village for a moment stood facing each other as bitter enemies. The city was unable to conquer the village from without. The village was ready to fight under the leadership of the "kulaks." It was then that the Communist government decided upon a second agrarian revolution. The village opposition was exploded from within through the Committees of the Poor.

On June 11, 1918, shortly before the harvesting of the crops, a decree established the Committees of the Poor in the village. The poorest peasants of each community were urged to band together and dispossess the rich. Land, cattle, agricultural implements, even household articles, clothing and furniture were to be seized and distributed among the poor. The local Soviets were suspended. The Committees of the Poor were declared to be the local administration. In return, the poor were to help the government to unearth the food stocks of the rich, to aid the food administration in its requisitions. What resulted was civil war of the most hideous kind. Every Russian village was by the end of the summer of 1918 a battle ground for two warring camps. Even official statements admit that some of the Committees contained "loafers and beggars." As the term "rich" is very elastic, many of the moderately well-off peasants became the target of attacks. By the end of 1918 the Committees of the Poor were abolished, not, however, before they had broken the backbone of the opposition by annihilating the wealth of "kulaks." The Soviets were reinstated. The "middle" peasant, forming the overwhelming majority of the village, became persona grata. Some sort of understanding was reached between him and the city, the strongest argument being fear of the Whites, whose victory might deprive the village of its conquests.

The course of the government is now taking the direction of friendly cooperation with the middle peasant. A reso-

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lution adopted by the Communist national convention in March, 1919, says: "The middle peasantry, which possesses comparatively strong economic roots, will, in consequence of the backwardness of agricultural technique even in the advanced capitalist countries, not to speak of Russia, remain in existence long after the beginning of the proletarian revolution. The Soviet village functionaries as well as the party representatives must, therefore, adapt their tactics to a protracted period of cooperation with the middle peasantry" which "does not belong to the exploiters since it does not derive profit from somebody else's labor." Aid to the middle peasant in the form of manufactured goods, especially agricultural implements and materials, was declared an immediate task of the state. At the same time, however, socialist agriculture was pronounced to be the ultimate aim, and the decree of the land, dated February 19, 1919, was named "on socialist land arrangement." It gave preference in obtaining land to agricultural communes and private peasant associations as against individual farming. The commissariat of agriculture busied itself primarily with the notorious "sovkhozy" and "kolkhozy," Soviet farms and collective farms established mostly in those large estates which, after the banishment of the landlords, remained in the hands of the state. The Soviet farm was organized on the same basis as a Soviet industrial establishment, the collective farm was a private combination of peasants who pooled their implements and labor and consumed collectively their proceeds. By the end of 1920, after a two years' experiment, the commissariat of agriculture admitted these farms to be a failure. The miserable results may have been due to the lack of machinery, tools, fertilizer, good seeds and cattle. The experiment does not definitely prove the impossibility of creating "grain factories" in Russia under favorable conditions. Some of the collective farms, notably some of the "artéls," which are groups of families agreed on common tillage and individual distribution of the crops, show a tendency to survive. The same holds true of farms connected with an industrial plant, a combination not uncommon in these hungry years. Yet, all these "socialist" farms occupy an insignificant place in the total economy of agriculture, as their holdings all through Great Russia hardly exceed three per cent of the land. The remaining ninety-six to ninety-seven per cent are held by individual peasants.

Agriculture, emerging from the chaos of two revolutions, shows the middle peasant in a dominant position. Two agrarian censuses, taken in 1917 and 1919, give a more or less accurate picture of the changes in land distribution in Great Russia. Households without tillage formed in 1919 over eleven per cent; in 1919 they were reduced to six and one-half per cent. Households tilling over twenty-one acres formed in 1917 six per cent; this group could be classed in Great Russia as the "rich"; in 1919 it represented only one and one-half per cent of the total number of households. Thus the extremes show a tendency to disappear. The group which holds between five and twenty acres, the middle group, formed in 1919 slightly less than sixty per cent, and the group holding from three to five acres, a little over thirty-two per cent of all the households. The land in Great Russia is in the hands of the middle peasant and of the group just below. In Ukrainia and the Northern Caucasus the farms are much larger, but the land distribution in these provinces is far from settled. In Ukrainia, the Committees of the Poor were in operation as late as the end of 1920. The outcome there, as in Great Russia, will probably be a clear gain for the middle peasant. The distribution of cattle is marked by the same tendency as the distribution of land. The splitting up of large families, being a loss from the standpoint of productivity of labor, was sometimes caused by fear lest the household be considered "rich"; in many cases it was the free wood given by the Soviets for the building of houses that induced young couples to form a separate household.

Looked at agriculturally, the Russian village remains much the same as before the revolution. The land is nominally the property of the community, as it used to be. In 1918, 1919 and 1920 it went through a process of division and redivision among the individual peasants according to the changes in composition of their families. Each family received a strip or two in the various "fields" which form the village land, the fields differing in quality and character of use. Thus, the holdings of each family do not form one continuous patch. The three-field system still prevails. Each farmer is obliged to plant the same crops as his neighbor because the cattle are allowed to graze on the stubble field immediately after removal of the crops. The fallow field is also turned into pasturage. Rotation of crops is hardly known. Artificial fertilizer never found its way to the Russian village. The use of modern machinery is impeded by the narrowness of the strips and by agricultural illiteracy of the peasants. Exceptions may be found here and there, but they confirm the rule. Agricultural instruction is being conducted by the Soviets and agricultural schools opened in great numbers, but the results will be manifest only years hence.

In the course of the revolutionary years, the city grew to envy the peasant. He was considered prosperous because he had "plenty of food." Figures, however, reveal the relativity of his well-being. Only the grain-producing provinces of Great Russia increased the yearly consumption of the peasant in 1918-1919 to 676 pounds of grain as compared with the pre-war average consumption of 640 pounds. In the non-producing provinces, which harbor one-third of the agricultural population of Great Russia, consumption decreased from 560 to 440 pounds a year. It should not be forgotten that, even before the war, a majority of the peasantry was on the verge of starvation.

The fact is that throughout the four summers after the October revolution, the output of grain kept on decreasing. This was caused on the one hand by deterioration of equipment, decrease in the number of cattle, decrease of man power due to the war, on the other hand by the lack of inducement for the peasant in consequence of the state monopoly of grain. It was comparatively easy to convince the peasant that if he did not yield his surplus of grain, the Red army would not be able to fight the Whites and he, the peasant, would again become a slave to the landlord; it was especially easy when the argument was reinforced by bayonets, but the peasant's revolutionary patriotism did not go as far as to make him work with no hope of immediate reward. The city claimed that the village swallowed up most of its clothing and household articles and furniture and adornments in return for food. This was true to a large degree, and the awkwardness of the peasant in using the frock coats or the spring beds which he obtained from the city, is the standard joke of Russan revolutionary vaudeville, yet, like Pharaoh's cows, the village swallowed all those "good things" and remained lean. The peasant found no use in working if he could in return receive only depreciated money from the government in a legal way and luxuries from the city folk through illegal exchange. The decrease in grain production took the form both of decrease in the area tilled, and decrease in output per acre. The arable land diminished between 1914 and

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1917 ten per cent, between 1917 and 1919 twenty-three. It is not improbable that there was a further decrease in 1920. Between 1909 and 1913 the output of rye averaged nearly twelve bushels per acre, while in 1919 it was a little over ten. The small decrease was due primarily to the extraordinarily good crops of 1918 and 1919. The drought of 1920 reduced the output far below the average of 1919. The situation became alarming. The peasant obviously "sabotaged" at the expense of the city, producing little over the minimum necessary for the maintainance of his family.

It was this crisis in food production that dictated the new economic policy inaugurated last April. The grain monopoly was abandoned. A tax in kind was introduced. For the year 1921-1922, the quota was fixed at 230,000,000 poods. As the total crops are estimated at 2,200,000,000 poods, the rate was supposed to be a little in excess of ten per cent. The extraordinary drought in the Southeast, however, and the ensuing ruin of the crops in an area occupied by no less than twenty millions, may upset all calculations. The new policy allows the peasant to sell in the open market the surplus of his produce which remains after the payment of the tax. This in turn made freedom of trade a necessity. Other measures, such as encouragement of private cooperative production, are only a logical consequence. Strenuous efforts are being made to import agricultural tools. The redistribution of the land has been forbidden for a series of years to come.

It is premature at present to guess as to the consequences of these measures, particularly in view of the horrible crisis which has smitten the country as a result of this year's drought. It is well to remember, however, that famine has not been unknown in Russia these last thirty years and that the endurance of the Russian masses is beyond Western comprehension. The Soviet organization, with its quick and decisive method of action, may turn out more capable of facing such a crisis than any other administration. It may be assumed with a degree of certainty that even the present famine will not disrupt the social fabric of new Russia.

The famine only throws a glaring light on the urgent need of economic reconstruction. In the field of agriculture, the path of progress leads apparently through peasants' cooperative organizations, which are now being greatly encouraged. Buying cooperatives, selling cooperatives, and producing cooperatives will have to take the place of the present anarchic methods of agriculture, if the peasants are to secure a better life. The strips will have to be abandoned, intensification of tillage will have to be introduced. Enormous fields of phosphorites in various regions of Russia and the potash of the Caucasus will furnish the necessary fertilizer. Agricultural implements of the smaller variety are the greatest need.

The middle peasant will probably remain the prevailing type in the village for many years to come. Free trade and private initiative may create a new group of "kulaks," but if the present system survives, ways and means will be found to hold the group in check or even to combat it. The average peasant has always been an enemy of the "kulaks" and where the mass is in control it will not make their existence easy. As to cooperation with a proletariat engaged in nationalized industries, it must be borne in mind that, fundamentally, the peasantry is no less interested in increasing the productivity of industries than the worker, and that under conditions of fair exchange between city and village, there is no occasion for clashes.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Real Münsterberg

SIR: Why in your recent remarks about Münsterberg did you imitate the very fault you were so successfully criticizing? You say "we suffered from Münsterberg's pseudo science." Why did you say that and just what did you have in mind? Surely not the Beitrage, nor the Grundzüge, nor the Laboratory studies, nor Psychology and Life, nor The Eternal Values. All of these works are able, some profound, all technically superb and they are the bulk of his output. True, there was at Harvard a complacent, calmly arrogant group who seem to have made it one of their chief concerns in life to make Münsterberg look contemptible and ridiculous. In this they were assisted by the jealousies of one or two lesser lights outside and the neurotic rages of one of Münsterberg's colleagues within. In their eyes his sins were numerous and scarlet. He wrote articles in the Sunday American, a paper not recognized in the best families; he did not conceal his pleasure at the public approval his popular works received; he never seemed to have respected the dogma that popularity and scholarship were incompatible; his perhaps not inconsiderable vanities, so unlike the less amiable and less frank conceits of many of his colleagues, loomed to them like crimes. So Münsterberg was excommunicated, his faults industriously magnified, his virtues denied and his work derided; by some he was scorned and insulted. When the war broke out, these animosities were doubly poisoned and inflamed. Münsterberg, the erstwhile vigorous exponent of German civilization, was set upon with a malignity that was positively ruthless. In this soil of snobbery. jealousy, hatred and unreason was grown the myth of his scientific and intellectual incompetence. How dark a shadow on the name of fair Harvard this persecution of Münsterberg has been you can see by a glance abroad.

A very active Münsterberg baiter, one of the high priests of Harvard, who recently referred to J. M. Keynes as "a popular writer on subjects connected with the peace treaty," was one day raging with especial virulence. A friend of mine asked, "But is Münsterberg not competent in his own field?" "Not at all, not at all," was the answer, "He is 'rotten' even in his own subject." It so happened that on the day this conversation was reported to me I was reading a book by E. A. Taylor, perhaps the most ruthless and sophisticated critic in English philosophy. This is what I read: "Thanks to the masterly researches of Münsterberg, we may now say that this important problem is definitely set at rest." Just after reading your review, I looked into a very important volume by Aliotta, one of the greatest of the Italian philosophers, and found him devoting twenty-four closely reasoned pages to this "pseudo-scientist"; while Watson, himself in the front rank of living psychologists, tells me today that "Münsterberg was really a great psychologist, his early work was of unexampled promise; the Grundzüge is a magnificent and masterful performance; even the later propagandizing volumes, his incidental work, should not be as harshly criticized as they were. They were very instrumental in initiating our modern vocational psychology, and helped pave the way for the important work done by psychologists in the American army."

Of course this is not the place to argue the final merits of Münsterberg's contributions, but it is always in season to protest against injustice, and it is high time that this mean canard about him was disposed of. Münsterberg was really a great scholar who made important additions to the intellectual life of America. His penetrating and organizing genius effected substantial advances in the realms of scientific psychology; even his popular works imparted sound method and much solid information, displacing a good deal of the sentimentalism and ignorance that discredits so many American enthusiasms. His philosophy, while not directly available to many, has been a wholesome and correcting influence. Münsterberg was perhaps the only scientist of distinction working in this country who really understood the nature, scope and limits of scientific method, perhaps the supreme question of our era, and his contributions to this problem have been of utmost value.

Don't be unfair to a genuine scientist, a first class philosopher, a useful public teacher, a prophet sorely reviled in his own country, who was above all, to the very moment of his death, a brave, serene, high minded man.

You ride with such gallantry and skill against so many abominations, that I feel uncomfortable in the rôle of a fault finder; but I am sure that you do not want unwittingly to lend vitality to anything false or unjust.

ARTHUR UPHAM POPE.

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Go Easy on the Professors

SIR: You and your esteemed correspondent, Professor Dickinson Miller, are unduly harsh in your treatment of the lecturing professor, whom you picture as a lazy drone chiefly engaged in searching for the easiest kind of respiratory exercise. You want to improve him, to turn him into a drill master, a quizzer, a commentator, and a general fetcher and carrier for college students—one who lives laborious days to inspire the sons and daughters of farmers, bean kings, and stock brokers.

Having left the teaching guild for all time and having no vested interest in the lecture system, I venture to protest against your savage treatment of my former colleagues. The drilling, cramming, stirring, and poking business, which you assign to the college teacher, is none of his business. I was myself for seven long years a student in American and European universities, and the bright spots in those weary months were the brilliant lectures I heard by undoubted masters like H. Morse Stephens, York Powell, and Moses Coit Tyler. They were real teachers. They knew things that were not found in books and they moved me to rush to the library and find out more for myself. My drill masters have disappeared in my limbo of oblivion. All they did was to make learning odious to me.

The trouble with you and Professor Miller is that you want to force learning on the youth by hydraulic pressure. You want to coddle and nurse them along by "personal attention." Nothing could be more wasteful of professorial energies. See how Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln learned their lessons. Lincoln had a few books and a rush light to read by. The modern student has a whole library, trained librarians to slave for him, electric lamps hung by efficiency experts, and comfortable chairs to sit in. The gateways of learning are open to him.

The college teacher's business is to follow the precept of Dr. Johnson. He should say to his students: "Ladies and gentlemen, there are the books and in the corner is the rod. Learn your lessons." In the meantime he should keep supple and avoid drilling, grinding, quizzing, conferring, cramming, uplifting, and hand-holding. He should devote himself to matters of the spirit and have something to say that is worth while. A teacher who cannot do that ought not to be teaching. It is a crime against suffering humanity to set a man who cannot inspire by the spoken word to cramming the uninspired.

I pray you, therefore, to cease your attacks on the professor. Between drive committees engaged in raising relief funds for him and Vice-President Coolidge busy convicting him (for fifty cents a word) of Bolshevism, he has enough troubles. His friends and well wishers should not turn and rend him.

New York City. CHARLES A. BEARD.

P. S. Recently at a week end party of a dozen college men and women (old "grads"), I heard no mention of college entrance examinations, the lecture method, requirements for admission, or books written by professors. The nearest approach to a discussion of "education" was a roar of laughter over the efforts of a college president to break into the British empire.

Women in Politics

SIR: In your issue of July 20th appears an article, in which the author calls attention to the undeniable fact that women are still far behind men in the importance of the public positions which they hold, despite all the opportunities which education and the franchise have given them. The reason which she gives for this is the "inferiority complex" of women which makes them timid about grasping the opportunities which might be theirs. I daresay there is much truth in this, but to my mind she has failed to stress a far more important and universal factor.

This factor is that no general ethics have developed upon the matter of the divided responsibility which women owe to their families, and to their jobs, and until it has developed, women fall inevitably, as men do not, into the ranks either of the married or the unmarried. Miss (or Mrs.) Martin says—"Women are ready now, whether the office be justice of the peace, mayor of New York, member of Congress or of the Cabinet." I do not think that this is true. It would be more exact to say—"Unmarried women and widows are ready now," but the chances are that most married women, however able and ambitious, would not be ready at all. In fact it is doubtful if anyone, except in exceptional circumstances, would consider the woman with a family as even eligible for these offices. She would be unlikely to get support if she ran for them, for the public would feel that it probably indicated family quarrels or neglect in the background, and she would not be considered "sound." Perhaps Miss Martin might agree to this, but still protest—"There are unmarried women and widows enough to start with. Let's begin with them." Undoubtedly there are thousands of them as good or better than the average men in office. Nevertheless, in order to get a mass movement of women started, the mass of women must be behind it, and able to cooperate. And the mass of women, according to the census, eventually marry. A choice of experts for first-class jobs, restricted to unmarried and widowed women, is as narrow and limited in its range as a choice restricted to bachelors and widowers. The greater part of the professional expert work of men is done by married men, who in their mature years make use of the training of their youth. Unless the vast majority of married women develop a professional as well as a domestic conscience, merely removing the "inferiority complex" from those who at any time happen to be without family ties, will accomplish very little. In a recent book on careers for women fully a hundred and seventy-five careers were described, but I saw no hint that marriage interfered with any of them. Yet most of us are familiar with the fact that although many married women have had adequate training, their resignation from whatever office they held, usually accomplished the announcement of their engagement, and that this was considered right and proper. The career might go on, but a different woman held it, until she in turn deserted the ranks. Such a procedure does not make experts, and yet this married group is doubly important, first because it has so many more members, and also because its ideals are more directly passed onto the next generation.

I would suggest that this matter cannot be decided offhand. On the contrary a vast amount of preliminary study must be made. Not for the unusual women—they can take care of themselves; and not for the unmarried women free from obligations. Let them go ahead and stop feeling inferior, if any of them still do. But for average married women, the vocations must be studied one by one, by people who have practiced them, and who also realize the fact that marrying does materially affect the free use of women's time. The vocations should be studied with reference to their adjustment to home work, part-time work, more economy in household engineering, and similar questions, and the results should be at the disposal of girls and boys still in school, with encouragement for them to plan ahead for economic independence for both. With enough study of the vocations, and with an educated public willing to make use of married women experts, at times, places, hours, and on pay schedules suited to their needs, we may be able to choose the cabinet members, congressmen, mayors and justices of the peace from the ranks of all women, as from all men, according to their fitness.

Otherwise the choice of women is bound to be restricted to the office-seekers who are unmarried, and who are willing to remain so. No universal movement of either men or women is likely to succeed under any such restriction as this.

Cleveland, Ohio. ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE.

Overpaid, at Three per Cent?

SIR: Mr. Jones, arguing for the bonus in your issue of July 6th, says "The man who stayed at home, whether capitalist or laborer, was enormously overpaid according to all previous standards." I, who was fifty years old, stayed at home and wasn't. My pay was raised (after a while) three per cent, while my living expenses rose to—see the published statistics. My employers, who were not in a war line of business, say their income was decreased by the war, and I have every reason to believe it. They bought Liberty bonds in six big figures in one drive, but they did it out of the money they made before the war. I do not think my case is so unusual as some of these people that were not at home during the war suppose.

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts. STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

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The Unconscious

Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

INTERESTING, eloquent and half-baked, Mr. Lawrence pours into this short book his version of the "true unconscious." In part his essay is a protest against psychoanalysis as anti-moral. In part also it is a dithyrambic account of the beginnings of human consciousness, poetically imagined but with some strange and unpleasant ecstasies. But above these protests and dithyrambics there comes a passionate and earnest plea for "fullness of being," to be achieved by understanding the psyche in a religious way.

First, there is Mr. Lawrence's case against the Freudians. It is based on his deductions from the intolerable supposition that the analysts find incest-craving normal. "With dilated hearts," he says in a figurative passage which I should like to quote in full, "we watched Freud disappearing into the cavern of darkness . . . He came back with dreams to sell. But sweet heaven, what merchandise! What dreams, dear heart! What was there in the cave? Alas that we ever looked! Nothing but a huge slimy serpent of sex, and heaps of excrement, and a myriad repulsive little horrors spawned between sex and excrement."

Horrors, admits the Freudian, but once let in the honest daylight of analysis, and "sex" and "excrement" will lose their darkness, foulness and morbidity.

But, Mr. Lawrence retorts with anger, "Freud's unconscious amounts practically to no more than our repressed incest impulses . . . must we therefore accept the incest-craving as part of our natural desire and proceed to put it into practice, as being at any rate a lesser evil than neurosis and insanity? It is a question." But, with D. H. Lawrence, a rhetorical question, for he believes that "the Freudian unconscious is the cellar in which the mind keeps its own bastard spawn. The true unconscious is the well-head, the fountain of real motivity."

Rebounding from this supposed conclusion of psychoanalysis, that "the inhibition of incest-craving is wrong," Mr. Lawrence shows, or attempts to show, how he, for one, resolves such a difficulty. He goes back to "the identity of love with sex, the single necessity for fulfillment through love, these are our fixed ideals." And he disowns these ideals, and all ideals of mechanical principles concocted by the brain. Whether this ingenuity disposes of an incest-craving, he does not say. At any rate, it shifts the reader's attention from incest to "the true unconscious."

"What then is the true unconscious? It is not a shadow cast from the mind. It is the spontaneous life-motive in every organism . . . You can only deal with the unconscious when you realize that in every individual organism, an individual nature, an individual consciousness, is spontaneously created at the moment of conception." Mr. Lawrence, in other words, affirms his faith in "the old mystery of the divine nature of the soul. Religion was right and science is wrong. Every individual creature has a soul . . . We need not explain the unconscious, any more than we need explain the sun. We can't do either, anyway . . . There is a whole science of the creative unconscious, the unconscious in its law-abiding activities. And of this science we do not even know the first term. Yes, when we know that the unconscious appears by creation, as a new individual realty in every newly-fertilized germ-cell, then we know the very first item of the new science."

Having connected incest with "idealism" and "the dead machine-principles of ideas and ideals," Mr. Lawrence is free to speak (or present new ideas) authoritatively about "the pristine consciousness which lies integral and progressive within every functioning organism."

The pristine consciousness, he says, inhabits "great primal nerve-centers," "the great sympathetic plexus." "The great ganglion of the spinal system, the lumbar ganglion, negatively polarizes the solar plexus in the primal psychic activity of a human individual." "On the first field of human consciousness, which is the basis of life and consciousness, are the four first poles of spontaneity." So Mr. Lawrence works it out. There is no place here for the Freudian unconscious. What there is, as he proclaims it in his peculiar jargon, is "the root of all our consciousness" in "the powerful pristine subjectivity of the unconscious on its first plane, . . . this first plane of psychic activity, polarized in the solar plexus and the lumbar ganglion of each individual unit established in a circuit with the corresponding poles of another individual."

Does it sound barbarous? Well, even if it is, (and I stagger wildly among these "polarized circuits of the dynamic unconscious"), it works up to a perfectly intelligible comment on "the amazingly difficult and vital business of human relationship."

"No human being," he says, "can develop save through the polarized connection with other beings. This circuit of polarized unison precedes all mind and all knowing. It is anterior to and ascendant over the human will. And yet the mind and the will can both interfere with the dynamic circuit, an idea, like a stone wedged in a delicate machine, can arrest one whole process of psychic interaction and spontaneous growth."

"How," then, "to establish and maintain the circuit of vital polarity from which the psyche actually develops?" Mr. Lawrence says, "Psychoanalysis won't tell us." Neither will current slave-morality, "all this nonsense about love and unselfishness, more crude and repugnant than savage fetish-worship." Well, who will tell us? Mr. Lawrence vouchsafes the information himself that, a) "love is a thing to be *learned,* through centuries of patient effort;" b) "Who can do it? Nobody. Yet we have all got to do it, or else suffer ascetic tortures of starvation and privation or of distortion and overstrain and slow collapse into corruption. The whole of life is one long, blind effort at an established polarity with the outer universe, human and non-human; and the whole of modern life is a shrieking failure. It is our own fault;" c) man lives "essentially from the nourishing creative flow between himself and another or others;" d) "mental consciousness . . . provides us only with endless *appliances* which we can use for the all-too-difficult business of coming to our spontaneous-creative fulness of being."

These ideas are mainly negative. They follow, however, a definition of the interactions of human relationship—separating as well as joining, demanding independence as well as dependence, submission as well as domination—which is certainly full of poetic and spiritual suggestion. Still, even in the sweep of this suggestion, one feels that Mr. Lawrence is erecting a queer elaborate apparatus to explain what has to be done with a morally unacceptable craving. It is true, always true, that the human psyche "should be understood." But is an introverted man appeased in the knowledge that "there are six dual centers of spontaneous polarity"?

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It sounds like innumerable "psychic" handbooks. Yet D. H. Lawrence, uncouth though his language is and suppositious though much of his biology seems to be, has a struggling faith that burns like a sunrise through heavy bars of cloud. Perhaps it will end in drizzle. What I find most persuasive in him, at any rate, is his insistence on the harm to love that comes from "India-rubber ideas and ideals and conventions." But I had supposed that this was one of the chief services of the despised psychoanalysis.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

The Sceptical Conservative

Essays Speculative and Political, by Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Mr. Balfour, A Biography, by E. T. Raymond. London: W. Collins Sons & Co. Ltd.

IN speaking of Mr. Balfour it is not practicable to avoid the superlative degree. He is by mind and disposition one of the most interesting and winning figures in politics, in literature, in the world today. Moreover, he has all his life heard this eulogy solemnly pronounced or intimated by men and women, by friends and also by foes; he has read it in speeches, in memoirs and in novels (for there also under slight disguise he has figured), he has known an eminent biologist to rate high his opinion on biology, eminent physicists to value his suggestions on physics, eminent men of letters to praise his style in literature, and an eminent politician to compare his friendship with that of Charles James Fox. Mr. Mallock in fiction dwells upon Mr. Balfour's manner in the House of Commons. Mr. Shaw (not precisely a hero-worshipper) lauds the quality of his mind as seen in a scientific address. Lastly, Mr. Wells (also not given to spoiling men of the time with flattery) writes of him (as Evesham in The New Machiavelli): "I could talk to him with extraordinary freedom and a rare sense of being understood. Other men have to be treated in a special manner; approached through their own mental dialect. . . . Evesham was as widely and charitably receptive as any man I have ever met. The common politicians beside him seemed like rows of stuffy little rooms looking out upon the sea. . . . In private life he was full of an affectionate intimacy. He pleased by being charmed and pleased. . . . And then came a glimpse of thought, of imagination, like the sight of a soaring eagle through a staircase skylight. Oh, beyond question he was great. . . . But at times it seemed to me his greatness stood over and behind the reality of his life, like some splendid servant, thinking his own thoughts, who waits behind a lesser master's chair." Yet living in an element of worship, Mr. Balfour has retained, yes, increased, a fastidious modesty, and, when war and reconstruction came, though nearing and passing seventy and himself a former prime minister, has accepted laborious offices under Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George and as foreign minister consented to stand outside the inner Peace Council at Paris like any other lieutenant.

Moreover he has borne obloquy and adversity not less well. The crushing defeat of 1906 and the revolt of his followers in 1911 found him as imperturbably serene as had the attacks of Irish Nationalists in 1887, when as chief Secretary for Ireland he first came into prominence. Under a silken exterior there is the iron of courage and will.

The cup of praise would now seem full. But no, there is something more. If we are to look for greatness (Mr. Wells's word) in public performance there is only one point at which we find it in him, namely philosophic controversy; unless we are to mention that vein of parliamentary debate in which the identical skill and finesse appear. There is in our time surely no mind of finer quality engaged upon technical philosophy. I said lately in the New Republic that M. Bergson, with all his delicacy of observation and of feeling, was wanting in intellectual delicacy. It is this trait in which Mr. Balfour excels. There has been nobody in the history of English philosophy who in this one respect has surpassed him. Had he devoted himself to philosophy he could have made a greater name there than he has anywhere in his actual career.

Yet even in philosophy he is dogged by the same misfortune that has kept him from genuine greatness in politics. This misfortune lurks in his very cast of mind. He is not constructive. He has the faculties to be so, but he has not the habit, not having the desire. He is sensitively and critically observant of blunder and maladjustment. But he lacks the vigorous impatience with them, the active sympathy with suffering, the ardent belief in a possible rectification, that prompt to remedial and constructive thought. If dignity be quiet power then there is no organ that can be more dignified than the eye, which takes in so much, reaches so far, without apparent action or effort. He is a man of the eye, not of the hands. Fundamentally he is inactive. Thus it happens that one of so much nobility of tone and delicacy of nature occupies in thought and in life a somewhat ignoble position; he is the possessor defending his possessions. The key to him as to everybody lies in what he loves. With him it lies in his aesthetic nature, his classic tastes, his love of the ancient, stately and mellowed things which surround his life and distinguish his country, the preference that appears in his style, in his parliamentary manner, in his literary tastes, in his interest in Handel, and is always there underneath, even when his wit, jollity, and readiness as a perfect man of the world to be at home with new things makes the beholder least suspect it. As a landowner acutely thrusting in youth at the arguments of Henry George, as a conservative statesman resisting inroad on the entrenchments of his class, as the author of books which are one long destructive argument against the ideas of those who oppose a religious faith for which he offers no direct ground but "an inward inclination and impulse," as a First Lord of the Admiralty who met a grave criticism of his administration by a delicious exposure of incidental bad logic in the critic's speech, he has been the same. In all this no one could be more conscientious. Do you suspect him in some matter of a selfish deafness to appeal? With his hand upon his heart, as it were, he gracefully protests himself ready to give up all and follow reason: only be so good as to bring out your arguments. The arguments you do produce!—pardon him if he remains unconvinced. There are unhappily certain flaws of logic in them which he is constrained to point out. He is in all things the possessor sitting quietly on guard amongst his possessions, with the clearest conscience and the pleasantest smile in the world, and the cocked rifles of a deadly dialectic lying to his hand.

Thus it falls out that in him we have a consummate philosophic debater who is yet not a philosopher at all—

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at all events not except in the small piece. His Appendix on the Idea of a Philosophy of Ethics in his first book is as powerful a piece of writing on the logic of morals as has at any time been produced, and it is typical; for when his intellect is not employed to destroy the ideas of those who assail what he loves, it is usually employed, as in this instance, for the pure pleasure of acute destructive analysis, which he also loves. The man who wrote that Appendix is a great thinker; yet he is not except in a few such fragments a philosopher, because he has no real world-view, no unified conception of things, reared by impartial thought, no purely realistic philosophy of life; he does not begin at the bottom; he begins where he is and wants to be and trips up all his assailants who would question his right to do so. He is for the most part, in one of the highest senses possible, a special pleader.

It is here that his sceptical and destructive bent deceives him, tricks his inmost mind. He is not a sophist —at least not in his deliberate writing; a superb intellect such as that has no interest, when freed from the squalid pressure of affairs, in the superficial show of triumph to be gained by twisting the evidence. None the less his beautiful logic-fence has got the better of him. In his quest for flaws he has lost the dark clutch of truth which feels its presence even when its spokesmen stumble and expose themselves to refutation, and even when our feelings would deny its presence. He has cultivated intellect at the expense of intelligence—the ultimate intelligence, the unbribable sense for the reality buried at the bottom of argument. This tacit sense is near to the very thing he takes his stand upon when he would fight off the assailants of unproved positions of his own, yet is not his. He has choice, allegiance, iron tenacity—that is Mr. Balfour; he has usually fine common sense; but he has not that grim and naked common sense, the profounder instinct of the mind, which preferences cannot shake and which must underlie all reasonings if they are to be sound; he has fenced and debated it away. The blemishes he discovers in all constructive philosophies permit him to think that, for the present at least, no true construction is possible. The world of philosophies is therefore for him a flimsy world; the solid world is the world of "things as they are," or at least of loyalties as they are, the world of "authority," in the sense he gives the term. But there is another world than either of these, the world of bottom-fact, which gives the final answer to experiment and alone forbids and permits. Mr. Balfour has never lived in that world, never come to close grips with stubborn reality and found either its pains or its possibilities. Fate has protected him from it, and he has no taste for experiments either in living or in statesmanship. He has dealt with talking assemblies and debating theories. In philosophy he has refused to live in it, his flashing defensive sword-play has protected him from it, he has preferred the world affirmed by his "inward inclination and impulse." His opponents cannot deceive him, but he has deceived himself.

For this reason he is not a satisfactory apologist for religion. His apologetics does not lack fine reasoning, but it lacks substance. After all, the *evidences* for religion must be found in the world we are in; they must lie in experience, and this is not where he finds them. He finds them because he wants them; their evidence is in some sort to lie in their "value," and we are to be dragooned into accepting them because of the disconcerting consequences of giving them up. This has been a mode of argument somewhat characteristic of the nineteenth century, but happily religion does not stand or fall with it. The creative and transforming power of religion in this world is not a theme that he naturally dwells upon.

For the same reason too his political career, in view of his magnificent equipment, has been disappointing. He has always seemed to feel that the great improvements and beneficences, if possible at all, are not in his hands, not within the power of present statesmanship. They could come from the working of obscure forces, or from the "preferential action" of divine providence, or from the power of scientific invention, but not from any agencies for which he carries a responsibility. To work the institutions of his country as he finds them, to meet problems as well as is practicable when they are thrust upon him, this, he all but tells us, is his rule of political life. There have been creative statesmen; their secret lay in temperament even more than in capacity. Certainly Mr. Balfour has no claim to a place in their number. We can understand that religion does not attract such a mind upon the side of action. It attracts him because he is a little too fastidious for this world and welcomes another as a background and refuge, a sanction for the loyalties which he will not give up and the seat of a Ruler with that saving purpose toward humanity which, even in human measure, he himself is so ready to resign.

In the present volume of Essays the first three embody the most substantial thought and are all in the main negative. The first, on Decadence, is a companion-piece to the older essay on Progress and equally masterly and bleak. The address on Bacon is comparatively slight but truly admirable. That on Psychical Research is a finely poised discussion of the consequences of phenomena which have not been proved to exist. The political are contrasted with the speculative essays in kind and key. Anglo-German Relations, written in 1912, The Freedom of the Seas, 1916, the Reply to President Wilson on British War-Aims, January 1917, show the considerate and non-sensational statesman at his best.

Mr. E. T. Raymond's interesting book is something between a full biography and a political and personal sketch and is on a distinctly superior plan to this author's two volumes of sketches. It is clever, rapid and detached, eked out apparently by ready conjecture as to motives, designs, etc. in certain mattres where close knowledge is wanting. A " biography" should give the grounds or sources of its bolder assertions—as would even this humble book-notice were space available. Mr. Raymond's talent for happy portraiture and entertaining narrative stand him in good stead.

DICKINSON S. MILLER.

Editors and the Easiest Way

The Editorial, A Study in Effectiveness of Writing, by Leon Nelson Flint. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Editorials and Editorial-Writing, by Robert Wilson Neal. Springfield, Mass.: The Home Correspondence School, Inc.

SCHOOLS of journalism are no longer curiosities, but there is still speculation—and justifiable speculation—as to what they are trying to do. Is a school of journalism a school of craftsmanship, a trade school, teaching young men and women the current practices of the newspaper and the easiest way to follow them? Or is it a professional school, teaching the technique of the profession, it is true, but aiming primarily to develop a new and better

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journalism with a higher sense of social and ethical responsibility to the public?

These questions are raised once more by the only two books published which profess to deal exclusively with the editorial and its writing. Both works are by journalism teachers of long experience. Both aim chiefly to teach editorial writing as a craft. This is Mr. Flint's position:

> While it is interesting to consider editorial writing historically, and tremendously important that its ethical aspects be regarded, the writer of this study of the editorial admits that for him the greatest fascination lies in the study of technique—materials, aims, organization, style. In short, *results*.

Apparently ethics and results have nothing in common. The author does, however, devote two chapters of his book to Weakness and Strength of the Editorial and The Editor and his Readers. These chapters deal to a considerable extent with ethical problems. Mr. Flint advocates independent newspapers, opposes the holding of stock in public service corporations by newspaper owners, and points out that news suppression or coloring or objectionable advertising destroys the influence of anything that a publication may say editorially. One of the most interesting things in these chapters is a list of twenty-seven qualifications on the basis of which an editorial writer, actual or prospective, may take an inventory of himself. The list is worth any editor's reading. For instance, the successful editor must, according to Mr. Flint, be "free from the itch for office," be able to "look beyond the present fact to its consequences a generation ahead," have the power to "break the bonds of inertia in which most people lie helpless," and his indignation must kindle "at the injustice ignored by the dulled sensibilities of the crowd."

These chapters are preliminary to the main part of the book, which is devoted almost exclusively to editorial technique. The author makes detailed analyses—sometimes too detailed—of editorial classifications and methods. He teaches the aspiring student of journalism how to write such an editorial as appears in the ordinary American newspaper. Most of the editorials quoted as examples are commonplace stuff—which of course is what the ordinary American newspaper publishes. In Mr. Flint's book are editorials on Boosting, Why Brothers and Sisters Quarrel, Only a Dog, Hairpins. One may search vainly in the volume for significant editorials on important political, economic, and sociological issues, such as fortunately are published here and there, now and then.

Mr. Neal's book is more obviously a craftsman's volume than is Mr. Flint's. The Introduction, by Henry J. Haskell of The Kansas City Star, makes brief comment on ethical matters. There is a rather abstract chapter on The Writer of Editorials, which has an ethical tinge. There are quotations from various writers, chiefly newspaper men, in a chapter on Ideals, Sidelights, and Hints.

Most of the book is made up of editorials for study and analysis, with a small amount of discussion of technique on the part of the author of the volume. Mr. Neal gives an outline containing one hundred and twenty-seven questions for the study of editorials; of these three relate to ethical problems—less than the proverbial 2.75 per cent with which we got acquainted in wartime. Typical of the questions are these: Has the writer chosen the most suitable or effective aspects of the subject? With what purpose is the editorial written—to entertain, to instruct, to convince, or to appeal to the feelings? If the development is climactic, by what means is the climax built up? What proportion of the sentences are simple? Compound? Complex?

There is no 2.75 per cent restriction on Mr. Neal when it comes to normalcy, the errors of trade unions, "law and order" as duly interpreted by the inheritors of the earth—not necessarily the meek—and the rest of the political regime of the day. He rises to a grand 275 per cent. One may admit that liberalism and radicalism have lately suffered somewhat of a setback, but scarcely the grand eclipse—"visible in all parts of the world," as the almanacs say—that Mr. Neal evidently imagines. From his book one would conclude that The Review is the great American magazine of opinion. He reprints no fewer than eight editorials from its pages. The Freeman gets in—with an article by Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton on Legs in the Sixties. No other radical or liberal magazine published in the United States is so much as mentioned, though the Manchester Guardian is quoted a number of times in the chapter dealing with British leader writing. Editorials from Harvey's Weekly, The Manufacturers' Record, and The Weekly Circular of William H. Barr, President of the National Founders' Association, decorate Mr. Neal's pages. Ultra-conservative newspapers are likewise conspicuous in the book. Apparently the student of journalism need not be taught anything about liberalism. There are plenty of conservative publications, and they pay the best salaries. Learn to write for them, and one of them will give you a job.

Right there is the trouble with both books—Mr. Flint's and Mr. Neal's. They aim to prepare students for jobs. Now a job is an important thing, especially to a newspaper man. But the technique of the newspaper man's job is not so difficult to learn. Many have learned it without attending schools of journalism. The school of journalism, if it is to be a serious, significant, and permanent division of the university, has got to consider itself a servant, not of the students who attend it, not of the newspapers that employ its graduates, but of the public, which reads the newspapers and is dependent largely upon them for the information essential to dependable democratic government. The editorial writer of course must know how to write. But if he has not unyielding honesty, a thorough sense of fairness and justice, and a wide knowledge in subjects of public concern, it were better for the public that he were illiterate. If the school of journalism is to be a trade school and if books written for it are to be trade school books, its function is exceedingly questionable. That way is, it is true, the easiest way, but not the way of permanent usefulness.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD.

Love by Pantomine

The Death of Society, by Romer Wilson. New York: George H. Doran.

AFTER Mrs. Elinor Glyn had written Three Weeks she wrote a sequel to it called One Day. With apologies and reservations, it might be suggested to Miss Romer Wilson that she re-christen her book and call it Five Days and publish it in the Glyn series. These are hard words to an author who has written so good a book as Martin Schuler, but although her characters in the Death of Society play Bach and talk on a high philosophical plane, they have no more relation to humanity than the Glyn puppets.

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Miss Wilson's novel is a pantomine. Her hero, Mr. Smith, an Englishman in Norway, falls in love with his host's wife, who cannot understand a word of English. Smith knows not a word of Norwegian. But he knows the moment he sets eyes on Rosa that he is bewitched by her, and when she rises and puts her hand on his shoulder, "he clenched his teeth and began to sweat in his effort to keep command of himself." That was within the first five minutes. She feels the same way about him. As Rosa is indescribably lovely and indescribably charming and true and wise and tender, even her husband, the famous old critic Ingman, feels that everything Rosa wants it is elementally right that Rosa should have. Why, they agree, should anything so beautiful as the consummation of this perfect love have to depend on what Rosa calls the death of society? It should not. Obey that impulse. And so the philosophic husband watches Smith and Rosa go off, with a lunch basket, for a day of love at Rosa's own mountain hut. That was the fourth day. The lovers make long passionate speeches to each other; Smith jubilant that he can "indulge in the wildest hyperboles," without being understood by his perfect love. On the fifth day Smith departs forever. Rosa cannot go with him, because her husband is old, after all, and she has two young daughters. Smith doesn't really mind; never did think she would come along. His whole life is now changed, he feels, by this profound spiritual experience.

Miss Wilson doesn't, of course, mean The Death of Society as a contribution to realism. She means to create something beautiful and stirring and hauntingly ideal, and there are some spirited and lovely passages in the book, especially of description. But she leaves too many loopholes for the devil of the ridiculous, and it is impossible not to see him in this Norwegian paradise. How can one help wishing the lovers had known Esperanto when they are making vain monologues at each other? Especially when Miss Wilson indicates the fact that Rosa is speaking Norwegian by putting her into a sort of pidgin English. It is too bad, also, that when the phrase "the death of society" is supposed to be quoted in actual Norwegian, half of it should be German. The setting of Miss Wilson's first novel was in Germany, and from there, possibly, she gets the "Queen Hulda" folk-lore, which she romantically but erroneously attributes to Norway.

It is perhaps a joke on Norway, Ibsen's realistic Norway, that it should have been selected as the scene for this escape from society.

Light on the Visigoths

Collecteana Hispanica, by Charles Upson Clark. Paris: Edward Champion.

DR. CHARLES UPSON CLARK, former Director of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, already well known for his edition of Ammianus Marcellinus, has again made a first class contribution to scholarship in Collecteana Hispanica, which appears as volume 24 of the Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences. This work is the fruit of one of the scholar's many sojourns in foreign lands which have made Dr. Clark one of the foremost paleographers and text critics of America, and one of our most authoritative and popular lecturers. In it he publishes seventy beautiful plates of Visigothic manuscripts in Spain, from his own photographs, with two hundred and fifty-three quarto pages of text giving the transcription of the Latin of the plates, amounting to one hundred and twenty-five pages; a historic aperçu of scholastic achievement in the field of Visigothic; a bibliography; lists of the existing manuscripts, of dated manuscripts, of copyists, and of miniaturists; and a thorough and detailed treatment of the Visigothic hand, including the forms of the letters, ligatures, abbreviations, orthography, word-division, diacritical marks, punctuation, and the evolution of the script. The work will be indispensable to teachers and students of paleography in America, but will naturally find a much wider field of usefulness in European university centres. In view of this fact, Dr. Clark has appropriately chosen French as his medium.

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

Famous Modern Ghost Stories, selected and with an introduction by Dorothy Scarborough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE best story in this volume is Leonid Andreyev's wonderful Lazarus. It moves sombrely and gorgeously, and the unutterable darkness in the eyes of the man from the grave is more chilling than white apparitions. There are few of the cruder ghost stories in the book, and only one which is really poor, by Robert Chambers, a drooling, sentimental, affected piece. But aside from that, and the all too facetious introduction, nearly every story cajoles one plausibly to the thrill in the hope of which one picks up the book. Olivia Howard Dunbar in The Shell of Sense subtly and delicately lets the spirit tell its own tragedy, and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman in The Shadows on the Wall deftly brings horror into the daily primness of a New England home. The Woman at Seven Brothers by Wilbur Daniel Steele is good, but it drags into the weary length required for a magazine story. In contrast is the brief and effective simplicity of de Maupassant's The Ghost, which could never have been printed in a popular magazine, since it couldn't have been stretched to provide a frame for an advertisement. Other old and excellent tales are reprinted, by Poe, Fitz-James O'Brien and Algernon Blackwood. But Ligeia is the only story which seems almost too well known to have been included. On the whole it is as good a collection as the connoisseur in ghost stories could hope to have made for him by another person.

The Basque Country, by Romilly and Katharine Fedden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

IT is seldom that one gets a "travel-book" which is worth getting for the sake of the pictures alone. But in the illustrations to this volume, painted by Romilly Fedden, the Basque country glows in such clear and lovely colors that one can overlook the faintly traveloguish character of the accompanying text. And still, although the text lays no claim to scholarship on the difficult question of Basque origins, it fulfils the first duty of a book of this kind, it gives abundant information, most of it first hand, about the independent Basque people and their picturesque upland villages. The Feddens, at any rate, wasted no time on the golf courses of St. Jean de Luz but went straight to country inns and mountain paths and talked with the inhabitants who generally spoke French or Spanish in ad-

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dition to their own mysterious language. The records of these conversations are more interesting than the labored descriptions of romantic historic incidents or the dim splendors of mediaeval royalty who passed this way. That is the conventional part. The golden and violet illustrations make up for it.

Selected Current Books

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Liberalism and Industry, by Ramsay Muir. Houghton.

An attempt to find a middle-of-the-road program.

Sea-Power in the Pacific, by Hector C. Bywater. Houghton.

Deals mainly with the naval resources of Japan and the United States.

Government and Politics of France, by E. McC. Sait. World Book Co.

Latest volume of the Government Handbook Series.

The Non-Partisan League, by Andrew A. Bruce. Macmillan.

The author was formerly justice of the Supreme Court of North Dakota and is now professor in the University of Minnesota.

The Life of Artemas Ward, by Charles Martyn. Ward.

A memoir of the First Commander-in-Chief of the American Revolution.

A Journal of the Great War, by Charles G. Dawes. Two volumes. Houghton.

By the chief of supplies of the A. E. F.

The Tortoise, by Mary Borden. Knopf.

The "quest of a great love."

The Morality of the Strike, by Donald A. McLean. P. J. Kennedy.

Father McLean discusses the topic in all its ethical aspects from the point of view of the Roman Catholic Church.

Impressions and Comments, by Havelock Ellis. Second Series. Houghton.

Carries forward Mr. Ellis's reflections and meditations through the war years up to 1920.

Contributors

NORMAN ANGELL is the English publicist already well-known to our readers, and the author of The Great Illusion and other books on international relations.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY is the Pastor of the Messiah Baptist Church, Brockton, Massachusetts. In 1920 he went to Africa under the auspices of the New York State Colonization Society. He is the author of several books, two of which, A Short History of The English Drama and A Social History of the Negro, are shortly to be published.

ELIZABETH BIBESCO is the wife of the Rumanian minister to the United States and the daughter of ex-Premier Asquith. She has in the press a book entitled, I Have Only Myself To Blame.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN, a Russian writer who came to America a few years ago, has recently returned from a six months' visit to Russia. He is the author of The Soul of the Russian Revolution and A Guide to Russian Literature (1820-1917).

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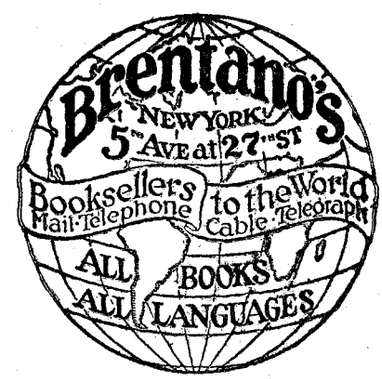

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